

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED : IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 60.—No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Albani, Mdme Valleria, and Mdme Pauline Lucca.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 17, will be performed
"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." La Contessa, Mdme Albani; Susanna,
Mdme Valleria; and Cherubino, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Il Conte, M. Dufriche;
and Figaro, Signor Cotogni.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

MONDAY next, June 19, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdme Adelina
Patti, Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszé, and Signor Nicolini.

TUESDAY next, June 20, "LE PROPHÈTE" (to commence at 8.15). Mdme
Stahl, Mdme Valleria, and M. Sylvia, Conductor—M. DUPONT.

Mdme Pauline Lucca.

THURSDAY next, June 22, "FRA DIAVOLO" (first time this season). Mdme
Pauline Lucca and Signor Lestellier.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the
portion of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.;
Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony
Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre,
2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr
Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the portion of the Theatre, where applications
for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon &
Oller, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs
Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr
Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of
Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT,
THIS DAY, (SATURDAY), June 17, at Three o'clock. The programme will
include Festival Overture (G. A. Macfarren); Duet for Two Sopranos, from
Euryanthe (Weber); Duet, "Vous soupiriez, Madame," *Bérénice* et *Hélène*
(Berlioz); Violin Solo (Ernst and Marsick); Choral Symphony (Beethoven).
The following Artists have kindly given their valuable assistance: Mdme
Peschka-Leutner (from the Opera at Hamburg); Mrs Hutchinson, Miss Hope
Glenn, Mr Barton McGucken, and Mr F. King. Solo Violin—M. Marsick,
Crystal Palace Choir and Orchestra. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats,
2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

UNDER the SPECIAL PATRONAGE of

Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

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H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH.

H.R.H. the Duchess of EDINBURGH.

His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

His Grace the Archbishop of YORK.

The Very Rev. Master of the TEMPLE.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON begs to announce that she will give a
CONCERT in AID of the FUNDS of the ENGLISH CHURCH in PARIS (Rue
d'Augeau), in ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY Afternoon, June 23, to commence
at Three o'clock. Mdme Christine Nilsson will be assisted by the following
Artists, who have most kindly volunteered their services: Mdme Trebelli,
Signor Bonetti, and Herr Von Zur Mühlen; Mr Barrington Foote and Mr Maas,
Pianoforte—Mr W. G. Cousins, Violin—Mons. Musin, The Bijou Drawing
Room Orchestra. Conductors—Signor Bevignani and Mr Sidney Naylor. Sofa
Stalls and front row Balcony, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved
Balcony, 5s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street;
of all the usual Concert Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.
Subscriptions may be forwarded to Mdme Christine Nilsson, 116, Belgrave
Road, S.W.

UNDER the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of WALES.
—Mdle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at 27,
HARLEY STREET, W., on MONDAY, June 19, at Three o'clock, when Mdle
Victoria de Bunsen will make her first appearance this season, after her long
and severe illness. Artists—Mdles José Sherrington, Mary Davies, de Pon-
blanche, Messrs Zoboli, Ria, Thorndike, and Maybrick. Piano—Mdle Felicia
de Bunsen, Violoncello—M. Hollman, Violin—Herr Kummer, Harp—Herr
Oberthür. Conductors—MM. PINZUTI, BENDALL, DENZA. Tickets, One Guinea each,
to be had of Mdle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN, 41, George Street, Portman Sq., W.

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Oberthür. Conductors—MM. PINZUTI, BENDALL, DENZA. Tickets, One Guinea each,
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MADAME EDITH WYNNE begs to announce that her
CONCERT will take place at the STEINWAY HALL, on TUESDAY Evening
next, June 20, at Eight o'clock, assisted by eminent Artists. Tickets and
programmes to be had at the Steinway Hall, of the usual agents, and of Mdme
EDITH WYNNE, at 61, Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT,
at ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY next, June 19. Mdme Albani and Mdme
Pauline Lucca, Mdme Sembrich and Mdme Trebelli, also Mdme Marie Rose,
Miss Mary Davies, the Misses Robertson, Mdme Devignes, Mdme Nordman, and
Mdme Antoinette Sterling, M. Massart and M. De Reszé, Mr Barrington Foote
and Mr Santley, Violin—M. Musin, Violoncello—Mr J. Hollman, Harmonium—
Mr Pittman, Pianoforte—Mr Kuhe, Conductors—MM. BEVIGNANI, RAND-
DEGGER, W. GANZ, KUHE, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Tickets, 2s., 1s. 6d.,
5s., and 2s. 6d., at the usual Agents; Austin's Ticket Office; and Mr KUHE,
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MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen)
begs to announce that his GRAND HARP CONCERT will take place at
ST JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Afternoon, July 1st, at Three o'clock, assisted
by the most eminent Artists. Harp Solos, Songs with Harp Accompaniment,
Duets for two Harps, and several Compositions for a BAND OF HARPS. Further
particulars will be duly announced. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 1s. 6d.;
to be obtained of the principal Musicsellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket
Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 33, Welbeck Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS' MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the MARLBOROUGH ROOMS, WEDNESDAY, June 21, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—
Mdles C. and A. Badin, Miss Edwards, and Miss Emily Dones, Signor Parisotti,
Signor Ria, Mr Stanley Smith. Instrumentalists: Violin—Signor Papini;
Violoncello—Herr Otto Leu; Piano—Miss Edwards. Accompanists—Signori
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RECITAL on WEDNESDAY, June 28, at ST JAMES'S HALL, New Room
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Herr Lehmeier will play a selection of Classical Pianoforte Music on this
occasion, and also introduce some of his best pianoforte pupils. Pianists—
Misses Sorell St Clair, Williams, and Mr Sumpter. Vocalist—Miss Kate Fuselle,
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67, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond
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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
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"MILLE VOLTE."

MISS ORRIDGE and Mr MAAS will sing RANDEGGER'S
M. admired Duet, "MILLE VOLTE," at Mr Henry Leslie's Choir's First
Concert this Season, at St James's Hall, on Friday Evening, June 30.

[June 17, 1882.]

"IN SHELTERED VALE."

MR MAYBRICK will sing FORMES' celebrated Song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen's *Matinée Musicale*, on Monday next, June 19, at 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

"I NAVIGANTI" (TRIO).

MISS ELLIS WALTON, Mr JOHN CROSS, and Mr AUGUSTE CARRÉE will sing RANDEGGER'S popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS") at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, at the Concert given in aid of the funds of the Princess Louise's Home, on Wednesday evening next, June 21.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (QUARTET).

MISS ELLIS WALTON, Miss EMILIE LLOYD, Mr JOHN CROSS, and Mr AUGUSTE CARRÉE will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance as a Quartet, at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, at the Concert given in aid of the funds of the Princess Louise's Home, on Wednesday evening next, June 21.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR ALFRED HEMMING will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), at the Star and Garter, Richmond, on the 27th June.

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CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From a special Correspondent.*)

Chester, June 8.

The second Chester Musical Festival began this morning under very favourable circumstances, and with hopeful prospects of a very successful meeting. The weather indeed was showery, but the sunshine came conveniently for the crowds in the streets who found their pleasure in watching the visitors on the way to the Cathedral, and for the visitors themselves who strolled about the old city during the long interval between the parts of *Elijah*. A very large audience filled the body of the nave and its broad aisles, and on all sides there was emphatic evidence that the festival was a city celebration—one in which the ecclesiastical, the municipal, and social sections of the community were all taking pride.

If any town in England is fit for artistic revels, Chester certainly is. Nowhere else have the conditions of a remote antiquity survived in more picturesque fashion, and in no other city do the old and the new combine with so little of the incongruous. Chester is in fact, a busy, active, modern place—far less sleepy than some cathedral cities; yet, if we could imagine a return of the old mediæval processions, no other city would afford so appropriate a setting for the pomp of feudalism and the masquers and mummers of bygone times. The old half timbered houses with their high peaked roofs, their picturesque gables, so rich in fantastic beams and parquetted fronts, and the always wonderful “rows,” bring up memories of other centuries, which are the more vivid on days like this, when the city is unusually gay with bunting, and otherwise bedecked with extraordinary finery, while the church bells clang welcome to hundreds of visitors who arrive in the morning trains.

The great abbey of St Werburgh, which Henry VIII. converted into a cathedral, has been the scene of many famous events, and a chronicle of all the feasts within its walls or under the shadow of its massive tower would be a tolerably complete record of the manners and customs, and anything but a prosy or obscure page of the history of England. As one listened to the thrilling tones of the organ while the visitors were assembling in the cathedral this morning, it was pardonable and natural to look back to the merry-makings and feasts of other centuries, and, happily, Sir Gilbert Scott has banished none of the ghosts from the venerable building which he began to restore. The authentic records of Chester go back more than eighteen centuries. Caer Lleon had long been Chester when the Miracle plays were given within the walls of this great church, or in the adjoining abbey yard. The four nations—the French-speaking lords and their suites, the Latin-speaking churchmen, the English, and the Welsh—who were wont to gather when either in the abbey, or in the castle hard by, there were feasts or plays, were all represented this morning, but the contrast between the divisions of those days and the unity of to-day is even more decided than that between the festival performances of those centuries and this. For it is worth remembering that in both cases the object was to illustrate Scripture-history, and to accommodate it to the requirements and conditions of the age. We need no spoken dialogue in our cathedral performances now; no fantastic dresses; no representations of the Enemy of mankind and his agents; but Mendelssohn is not less potent as a magician than were the old chroniclers. He tells the story of *Elijah*’s inspired career in language that stirs the soul and elevates the imagination. We hear the wailings of the despairing people, weeping for themselves and their children in the famine; the widow’s anguish and her overwhelming joy are set before us almost as visions. We can all but see the frantic worshippers of Baal as we listen to their revels and hear them under the taunts of *Elijah* driven from defiant pride to the wildest despair. Nor is this terrible scene more vivid than the picture of the prophet on Mount Carmel, when his servant tells him of the little cloud, and he proclaims the end of the famine and the coming of the healing rain that “laveth the thirsty land.” Again we have the wanderings in the wilderness, when the prophet, escaping from the vindictive Jezebel, offers the heart-broken prayer, “It is enough, now let me die,” and at last the thrilling scene of the translation and “the fiery fiery chariots and fiery fiery horsemen.” You will, I hope, forgive this optimist comparison, and it is, perhaps, as well when circumstances might suggest the lament of the *laudator temporis acti* to remember that if they built greater temples then, we have music more wonderful than Miracle plays now.

There was a little delay at the commencement of the performance. Mr J. C. Bridge, the conductor, stood waiting, baton in hand, for a considerable time and it was more than ten minutes past the appointed hour when the signal was given. Introductory to the

oratorio, there was a short service, and the sight of the great nave, flooded with sunshine during the singing of the hymn, “All people that on earth do dwell,” to the Old Hundredth Psalm, was very imposing. The hymn was given as the first part of a motet for eight voices, written specially for this festival by Dr Pole, a successful attempt to combine a free vocal composition with a familiar *canto fermo*, and the effect of the soprano voices singing the well-known hymn as an accompaniment to the “*Jubilate*” was remarkably striking. It is not necessary to discuss the performance of the oratorio at great length—though it should be remembered that an oratorio in a cathedral is very different from the same work heard anywhere else. Shortcomings not readily overlooked elsewhere are more easily pardoned where acoustical perfection cannot be expected. Mr Bridge was fortunate in his orchestra of 70 performers, which included a large number of the members of Mr Halle’s band, and they were very well placed between two of the mighty piers which support the arches of the transept. Behind them, however, the place of the choir was less fortunate, for though this was to the advantage of the audience in the south transept, it was impossible to estimate fairly the vocal strength of a choir singing immediately beneath the great tower, at the meeting place of three lofty vaults altogether unenclosed. Admitting the difficulty of submitting an accurate judgment under these circumstances, it may, however, be safely said that the strength of the men’s voices was not commensurate with that of the women’s and boys’, and more than once the effect of a fine chorus was interfered with by the comparative weakness of the tenors and basses. Mr Bridge is a careful conductor, and he had evidently studied the oratorio with intelligence—but his reading of several of the more important choruses differs from that of other conductors, and it cannot be said that where he departed from the ordinary *tempo* the result was always a gain. The choral singing was most effective and satisfactory in the more devotional passages, and I might mention several admirable examples of massive and accurate part-singing; but in the more exacting descriptive choruses, such as that which tells of the storm and the fire and the earthquake, there was not always such adequate appreciation of the scene and the sentiment as is invariably expected at the great Yorkshire festivals, at Birmingham, and in choirs nearer home. The overture was splendidly played, and in the accompaniments, both general and *obbligati*, there was much to admire. The famous rush of the violins in the chorus, “Thanks be to God,” created the usual impression, and in no concert-room are the brass wind instruments heard with such altogether satisfactory effect as in a lofty cathedral like this. If I am not mistaken, when Mendelssohn wrote *St Paul* and *Elijah*, he thought of their performance in such edifices as the Thomas Church at Leipsic and the great church at Brunswick.

The solos this morning were all entrusted to competent singers, and I hope there is no improper insular pride in saying that, notwithstanding the fact of the blessings of a National College of Music being still in the future, the soloists were all born and educated in this country. Miss Annie Marriott took the whole soprano part. She sings with unfailing intelligence, and seems to have unbounded energy. Her voice is very powerful and extensive in range, and its quality is at its best so very fine that it is a pity she frequently forces it; probably she was afraid of not being heard in so large a building, but even in the “*Sanctus*” Miss Marriott might have exercised greater restraint with advantage. Mdme Mudie Bolingbroke sang the contralto music in the first part, and Mdme Patey in the second. Mdme Bolingbroke, whose voice has gained in volume since she was last heard in Manchester, has never sung with greater skill. Her impressive delivery of the recitatives and her rendering of “Woe unto them,” was much admired. Your readers will probably think that Mdme Patey’s singing in this oratorio is so well known that there is nothing new to be said about it. Yet this accomplished lady’s magnificent rendering of the Jezebel music astonished even those who have heard it most frequently. It was positively thrilling; not a point was missed, not an emphasis overlooked. It is, of course, needless to say how Mdme Patey, who was in very fine voice, gave the most popular air in the oratorio, “Oh, rest in the Lord.” Mr Maas, who sang the tenor solos, was also in excellent voice, and what this means we may readily imagine. In oratorio, at any rate, he never sang with greater taste, and never showed more entire appreciation of the composer’s meaning. That Mr Maas was effective in the songs I need not say, but his declamation in the recitatives could also be heard in every corner of the Cathedral. Mr King, who undertook the music of *Elijah*, had of course a very difficult task, but few have made such steady and rapid progress, and he was always judicious and artistic. Mr King, whose voice has gained in power, now gives the great songs with much more dramatic force than formerly. More than a word of praise is due to Miss Miller, Mr Halliday, and Mr Cuzner, for their assistance in the concerted music, and the lady

* Manchester Examiner and Times.

also deserves commendation for the efficient manner in which she sang the soprano solos of the Carmel scene. Dr. Roland Rogers, of Bangor, was the organist, and Mr Bridge, who may be congratulated on the success of the opening performance, was fortunate in securing so able a coadjutor.

It would be unjust to say nothing about the admirable arrangements for the ingress and egress of visitors, and the courtesy of the gentlemen who undertook laborious duties as stewards.

To-night, at the first of the concerts in the Music Hall, a fine performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was given. A more attractive Galatea than the deservedly popular Miss Mary Davies could not have been desired, while as Acis and Polyphemus, Mr Guy and Mr Hilton were both heard at their best. In the short miscellaneous selection which followed Madam Patey and Mr Maas were the vocalists.

(To be continued.)

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FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 350.)

Operas are divided into several classes, differing generally as to title in the various countries in which they have been cultivated.

In plan, the distinction lies in the treatment of the less lyrical portions of the dialogue. In one class this is in speaking recitative, with harpsichord, pianoforte, or 'cello and bass accompaniment; the more lyrical portions only being set in accompanied recitative and *cantabile*. In another class, it is spoken—not sung; in yet another class, the whole drama is treated continuously with music and the band in use throughout, varied, and with interludes according to the will of the composer. As to the use of speech in conjunction with a musical drama, we cannot altogether say that it is contrary to all Greek ideas—supposing that we hold to them as the standard—for a Greek writer about A.D. 100, says that, in his opinion, when the dialogue is sung by a character who shows sympathy and emotion it is good; but when a character like Hercules sings it is absurd.

In Italy, up to the production of Rossini's *Otello*, in 1816, all operas—whether serious or comic—were written in the first of the forms described above. The less lyrical parts of the dialogue were set in speaking recitative; and for the introduction of a *scena* or other designed piece of music, or at points of strong emotion, accompanied recitative was used, with band and interludes. In this manner Mozart's serious operas, *Idomeneo* and *Don Giovanni*, his comic operas, *Cosi fan tutte*, and *Figaro*, and the comic operas, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa, and *Il Barbiere* of Rossini, were written. Rossini, in his serious opera, *Otello* (1816), discarded the speaking recitative with harpsichord accompaniment, and used the band throughout, setting all the dialogue with accompanied recitative; and from that time all Italian operas, both serious and comic, have been written in that form.

In the Neapolitan opera buffa, up to about fifty years ago, spoken dialogue was used; and in some performances of Italian comic operas in other places, up to the present time, some of the dialogue in the most comic situations is spoken. This practice is used even in operas like Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, in which the whole dialogue (with the exception, of course, of that portion which was in more important music) was set by the composer to speaking recitative; and it may, perhaps, be due to the somewhat elastic treatment of the speaking recitative by those who are skilled in the performance of it, and who, knowing that accent, and not harmony or melody, is the important part of recitative, feel that they may even improvise the notes of the recitative so long as they keep the right accent.

French operas are classed under two heads—grand opera and opera comique; either of which may be serious or comic. The former is the historical French opera, and its earliest examples the compositions of Cambert, from 1659. These were written after the manner of the early Florentine writers, Caccini and Peri, namely, the whole opera in recitative, with continuous accompaniment for a slight band, little more than a figured bass being written down. Lulli, after writing ballets and dance-music for the Court, followed, in 1672, with operas containing ballets, and with fuller accompaniments. After Lulli, came Rameau; and after him, Gluck and Piccini; and Gluck, writing for the French stage, put in practice the reform which he had previously applied to the Italian opera at Vienna. The French grand opera has always retained two principal

characteristics, the one being the natural growth from the continuous instrumental accompaniments of Cambert and of the Florentine school, and the other from the days of Lulli, the writer of Court ballets; namely, the accompanied recitative for the whole of the dialogue, and the use of the ballet either incidental to the piece or incorporated in the action. The French opera has never had the speaking recitative with harpsichord accompaniment, which was adopted in the Italian opera at a later date than the Florentine writers. Examples of grand opera of the French school since Gluck's time have been written for the French stage by Paér, Cherubini (*Anacreon* and *Ali Baba*), Spontini (*La Vestale* and *Olympia*), Rossini (*Le Conte Ory* and *Guillaume Tell*), Auber (*La Muette de Portici*), Halévy, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Donizetti (*La Favorite*), Balfe (*L'Etoile de Séville*), and Gounod.

The second kind of French opera, *opéra comique*, takes its name from the company by whom it was performed, and its construction from the necessity of being different to that used by the grand opera company. The first operas written for the younger institution were of the same kind as the grand opera. Objection was then made by the grand opera company that this was an infringement of the patent which they had held since the days of Lulli, and the new operas were forbidden. Then a system was devised for the actors to speak and, at certain points, to bring in a large placard on which were written words that the audience could read and could sing to some popular tune; and as the music was not sung on the stage, the patent was not infringed. After this, an arrangement was made that the construction of the operas given at the two houses should be different. Like the grand opera, the plot of the *opéra comique* may be either serious or cheerful; but, unlike the former, a certain portion must be spoken and not sung. This portion consists of the conversations, and corresponds exactly to that which in the old Italian opera is given in speaking recitative. The musical part of the *opéra comique* corresponds with the rest of the musical part of the Italian opera, and consists of accompanied recitative, airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, as settings of the more emotional, more lyric portions of the drama. Writers of this kind of opera were Mshul, Grétry, Cherubini (*Les Deux Journées*), Adam, Hérold, Auber (*Fra Diavolo*), Boieldieu, Meyerbeer (*Dinorah* and *L'Etoile du Nord*), Balfe (*Le Puits d'amour* and *Quatre Fils d'Aymon*), Donizetti (*La Fille du Régiment*).

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

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A WALL WITH EYES AND EARS.

Mr Harry Wall looks so sharp after anything resembling infringement of copyright in songs, that for the epithet "Lynx-eyed," as applied to a watchful person, might be henceforth substituted "Wall-eyed." Further suggestion—have a portrait of Mr Harry Wall as frontispiece to a Comic Copyright Song, with title, "Oh, for the Guardian Wall!"—

Oh, for the Guardian Wall!
The sharpest cuss of all!
I'll never forget
The night we met,
When I sang a song with the words well set
By Balfe : I the fee—which I wish he may get—
Owe to the Guardian Wall !

But surely there must be some effective compositions over which he has no control. So let charitable amateurs look into other répertoires, remembering that only the Weakest go to the Wall.

Nothing yet has been definitely settled with regard to Angelo Neumann's projected autumn season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Nevertheless, Colonel Mapleson is in town.

GERMAN OPERA COMPANY, DRURY LANE.—We are informed that Messrs Franke and Pollini have arranged to give a concert on a grand scale at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 24th June, at three o'clock, when they will introduce to the public the whole of the artists and chorus of their fine company, who have been performing for some weeks past at Drury Lane with so much success. The orchestra will be largely increased for this occasion and conducted by Herr Hans Richter.—(Communicated.)

JOSEPH HAYDN.*

Herr C. F. Pohl—archivist and librarian, as we all know, of the Society of the Friends of Music, in Vienna—is the model of a conscientious and thoroughly efficient musical historian. He much prefers laying himself open to a charge of over precision—supposing him, by the way, to acknowledge such a charge—to allowing a volume of his Biography of Haydn to pass out of his hands as long as there may possibly glimmer in the distance any detail he has not investigated or substantiated. For this honourable reason he has made us wait some six years for the second volume of his *Haydn*,† after the first rendered us so eager to have the continuation. The first volume we noticed in these columns at the time (Christmas, 1875,) greeting it with sincere delight as an important addition to the wealth of our musical literature. We could not avoid uttering a slight lament over the first volume, nor can we help doing so now over the second, on account of its too great copiousness, and if (according to Ehler's witty remark) brevity is the politeness of authors, we must characterise our friend Pohl—a thing which assuredly no one ever did before—as deficient in that quality. Having eased our critical conscience with this outburst, we can from the bottom of our heart praise, and only praise, Pohl's Second Volume. It contains much that is new and interesting. In the First Volume, we lived with Haydn during the years of his childhood in Rohrau and Hainburg, and then accompanied the young chorister to the choir of St Stephen's, Vienna, following with sympathy the joyless and laborious period of his early career.

There is a peculiar irony of fate in the fact that Haydn, whom people are so ready to reproach with belonging to the "pig-tail" school, should have been expelled the choir because, carried away by the high spirits of youth, he cut off the cue of a fellow pupil. Hungry and frozen, he then found himself deserted by everyone, in the streets. We know what followed: the first unhoed for assistance rendered by the honest people who enabled him to take a small garret in the Michaelhaus and the good fortune which brought him together with two celebrated men, Metastasio and Porpora, who lived in it. At the end of the First Volume, we left him as chapelmaster to Prince Paul Antony Esterhazy at Eisenstadt. The Second Volume commences with Haydn and the Prince's musical establishment going to Esterhazy and a graphic description of the place. That great lover of magnificence, Prince Nicolaus, had made his palace of Esterhazy arise as though by magic from out a swamp, and embellished it till it was a second Versailles. At the present day, everything is again desolate and deserted, only the ruins of former magnificence telling of its splendour when Haydn lived there. The Prince resided in the palace during the greatest portion of the year, with his numerous and court-like retinue, his body of instrumental performers, and his operatic singers. Pohl describes the superb palace, the park, and the theatre; it is a fairy-like and strange world which lies displayed before us—and only a hundred years have passed away. The musicians and singers occupied a separate building, containing on the ground floor seventeen and on the first floor thirty-seven rooms. There were eleven married couples, each couple having two rooms; to Haydn, however, and his wife three were assigned. Every two members of the band had a room between them. There was a performance every day in the spacious and tastefully decorated theatre; it began at six o'clock. All the Prince's officials and servants were admitted to it, as were, also, any strangers who might happen to be in the place. Twice a week opera was played; on the other days, dramas and comedies were given. It was here that Haydn's earliest opera was first produced. The operatic company consisted of five or six men and as many women, mostly Italians; while the orchestra under Haydn's direction numbered from sixteen to two-and-twenty members. The performances were celebrated far and wide. "When I want to hear a good opera," said Maria Theresa, "I go to Esterhazy." It was after one of these operatic performances, followed by a masquerade, that Haydn was presented to the Empress, and seized the opportunity to remind her of the "recent spanking" which at her command he once, when a chorister, received in the

gardens of the Schönbrunn Palace, because, despite reiterated admonitions to the contrary, he would clamber up the scaffolding. "You see, my dear Haydn," replied Maria Theresa in a kind and jocose tone, "the spanking has borne good fruit after all!" In addition to the theatre for operas and plays, the Prince had a separate Marionette Theatre, built like a grotto, and fantastically decorated with coloured stones, snails, and mussels. The scenery and machinery were described as surprisingly beautiful, as were, also, the artistically formed and richly attired puppets, all of respectable size. The parts were spoken and sung by members of the dramatic company behind the scenes. For this Marionette Theatre, which was in high favour with the Prince and his guests, Haydn wrote a number of short operas.‡

The drama was entrusted to the best strolling companies, who were engaged in turn for so many months, and played even great classical pieces. Among other such works for which Haydn composed musical interludes were *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Götz von Berlichingen*.

The whole musical establishment at Esterhazy, according to Pohl's description, constituted, so to speak, one large family, the members of which clung faithfully together, and, by mutually cheering each other up, sought compensation for the complete absence of agreeable trips and other sources of amusement. Their life was probably at times rather free, and even Haydn was not proof against temptation. Through Pohl we learn for the first time something authentic concerning Haydn's love affair with the singer Luigia Polzelli. She was nineteen when, in 1779, she was admitted, with her husband, a violinist, into the Prince's musical establishment. Neither of them appears to have pleased the Prince; he wanted to discharge them even before the expiration of their two years' engagement; and it was evidently owing to Haydn's intervention that they were retained till the breaking up of the establishment (1790), notwithstanding that Polzelli, always ailing, could no longer fulfil his professional duties. Haydn had conceived a violent liking for the lady, though she, on her side, seems to have been actuated rather by greed than love. At any rate, she cost him a great deal. After the breaking-up of the Prince's musical establishment, Haydn procured engagements for her at small theatres in Italy. His love followed her to Placenza and Bologna; in fact, everywhere; so did—his money. He even contemplated, after his first journey to London, visiting Italy, for the purpose of seeing her. "I esteem and love you," he writes to her, "as much as I did the first day, and am always grieved when I am not in a position to do more for you. But have patience; a day may come when I shall be able to show you how much I love you." But that day did not come, not even when the twofold obstacle was removed by the death of Sig. Polzelli and that of Haydn's wife, Luigia Polzelli married, before Haydn's decease, the singer Franchi, in Bologna. It was not till 1832, that she died, aged eighty-two, in Kuschau. Haydn, whom people are accustomed to look on as a model of strict morality, had at least one excuse for this intrigue: his unfortunate marriage. As we know, he married, when in his nine-and-twentieth year, the eldest daughter of the Vienna wig-maker, Keller, or, rather, allowed himself out of good nature to be married by her, when her younger sister, whom he wanted, preferred entering a convent. Mdme Haydn was the greatest dissonance in the life of her eminently harmonious husband. Ill-natured, miserly, and bigoted, she embittered so consistently her husband's life that at last, after thirty years' wretchedness, he was compelled to send her into exile, in which she died (at Baden, near Vienna), in the year 1800. Though we live in an age of literary "rehabilitations," no one has yet had the courage to represent in a favourable light a woman whom the good-natured Haydn designated without more ado "una bestia infernale." Pohl cleverly puts in his mouth a quotation from Lessing's *Junge Gelehrte*: "It must be conceded that I have had no object save

† It is really a pity that this droll entertainment has quite died out among us, and now possesses a retreat only in a few unimportant folk's theatres in Italy. Stendhal, who found Marionette theatres in good society at Naples in the last century, was quite charmed by them, especially by the clever extempore dialogue. He remarked that the persons talking, not having to trouble themselves about gestures and action, spoke far better than they would have done had they been on the stage, and he winds up by exclaiming: "Might not this class of play be transported to Paris? It is a source of the most lively amusement."

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

† Joseph Haydn. By C. F. Pohl. 2nd Half-volume. Leipsic: Breitkopf and Härtel, 1882.

that of exercising myself in the virtues necessary for putting up with such a woman." The report once set afloat and utilized for a wide-spread system of begging, that Haydn was the father of young Polzelli, is convincingly refuted by Pohl.

A much more agreeable impression than that made by this anything but ideal love affair with Luigia Polzelli, is the impression produced by the permanent and high-minded friendship which bound Haydn to Mad. von Genzinger in Vienna. This lady was the wife of the physician, Peter Leopold Genzinger, ennobled in 1781 by Maria Theresa for his eminent services. Fond of art, and especially very musical, Mad. von Genzinger was, when she formed Haydn's acquaintance, the mother of six children. Whenever Haydn came from Esterhazy to Vienna, he was a welcome visitor at the Genzingers' in the Schottenhof, made the daughter sing something, the mother play the piano, and himself took part as an executant in a quartet. His numerous letters to Mad. von Genzinger (first published by Karajan in 1861) are characterised by a rare mixture of respectful, nay, ceremonious politeness combined with warm and truly friendly devotion. In this family circle Haydn felt more happy than anywhere else. Only too quickly did the time glide past during his visits to Vienna; he was always compelled too soon to return to Esterhazy where he felt every year more lonely and more dissatisfied. "O, if I could but be a quarter of an hour with you," he writes to his friend, "to pour out my troubles and inhale comfort from your lips. I am subjected under the present system to many annoyances, which, however, I must here pass over in silence." "But in God's name," we read further on, "even this time will pass away and the hour arrive when I shall again have the inestimable delight of sitting near you at the piano, hearing you play Mozart's masterpieces, and kissing your hands for so many beautiful things."

(To be continued in our next.)

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

A quasi-novelty produced at the Royal Opera-house shortly before the close of the season was Gluck's comic opera, *Der betrogene Kadi*, "arranged" by J. N. Fuchs, who has supplied new words for the songs. The public, delighted with the music, were loud in their applause. The cast included Mdles Driese, Pollack, Horina, Herren Fricke, Oberhauser, and Junck, who sang and acted with much spirit, and were called on at the fall of the curtain. The *Kreuz-Zeitung* has published the following details respecting the work:

"Favart, the manager of the strolling French company who accompanied Marshal Saxe to Flanders, as the leading heroes and heroines of the Paris stage subsequently followed the Emperor Napoleon to play before a 'pit of kings' at Erfurt—Favart, in his *Memoirs*, gives us an account of the origin of Gluck's comic operas. The artists of the Imperial French Theatre, Vienna, afterwards, like all other foreign theatrical establishments, done away with by Joseph II., used to perform, among other things, operettas in Court circles. The librettos were obtained through Favart from Paris and set to music by local composers. Favart himself, one of the most fertile French authors of comedies and librettos, furnished Gluck with several books and brought out some of his operettas in Paris. Lemonier was author of *Le Cadi dupé*, and the libretto appears to have agreed so well with the operetta-taste of the day that it stimulated not only Gluck but likewise P. A. Monsigny, author of a series of elegant operas, whose name, with those of Cherubini, Lesueur, and Martini, was proclaimed by heralds at a revolutionary festival held in 1798, in the Champ de Mars, Paris, as the name of one who had rendered good service to French art!—Anton Schmid, in his *Biography of Gluck*, says: 'This two-act piece with songs was translated by André from the French and under the title of *Der betrogene Kadi* performed very often at Berlin in 1783.' We may add that Carl Theophilus Döbbelin, who enjoyed a special patent from Frederick the Great, produced it at the theatre formerly known as Schuch's Komödienhaus in the Behrenstrasse on the 1st December, 1783. Five weeks previously, Döbbelin had introduced Gluck as an operatic composer to Berlin with the three-act musical piece, *Die unvermuthete Zusammentreffen oder die Pilgrimage von Mekka*. This also was very successful at Döbbelin's Theatre. Otherwise, the manager, who had to depend entirely on his receipts, would not have followed it up so quickly with *Der betrogene Kadi*. Döbbelin

discovered, moreover, in that year (the first Gluck-year at Berlin) that, as soon as the leaves appear in spring, the public disappear from the theatres. So he had a Summer Theatre erected in the garden known as Count Reuss's (where the Royal School of Medicine now stands). The spectators sat under an awning, green hedges formed the side-walls, and the easily constructed stage had the sky above, so that the curtain was not raised and let down, but drawn aside to the right and left. The orchestra played under a large umbrella. But matters speedily went wrong with Döbbelin; the awning turned out not to be water-tight, and the Summer Theatre, the earliest in Berlin, was not successful. The more welcome, therefore, was a full treasury, in the 'winter season,' with Gluck's *Pilgrimage von Mekka* and *Betrogener Kadi*.

Herr Ferdinand Gumbert has published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* his usual yearly statistical returns of the Royal Opera-house. From the 15th August, 1881, to the 5th June, 1882, when the season was brought to a close with *Czar und Zimmermann*, there were 255 operatic performances, the repertory consisting of 56 works by 28 different composers. These stand in order according to the number of times the respective works were given:—1. Wagner, 33 times with 6 works.—2. Bizet, 33, 1.—3. Meyerbeer, 29, 5.—4. Mozart, 25, 6.—5. Auber, 16, 5.—6. Gounod, 12, 2.—7. Weber, 11, 2.—8. Gluck, 11, 4.—9. Verdi, 9, 4.—10. Lortzing, 9, 1.—11. Grisar, 7, 1.—12. Beethoven, 6, 1.—13. Götz, 6, 1.—14. Marschner, 5, 2.—15. Nicolai, 5, 1.—16. Rossini, 5, 1.—17. Donizetti, 5, 2.—18. Rubinstein, 4, 1.—19. Franz Schubert, 3, 1.—20. Goldmark, 3, 1.—21. Boieldieu, 3, 1.—22. Ambroise Thomas, 3, 1.—23. Halévy, 3, 1.—24. Spohr, 2, 1.—25. Brüll, 2, 1.—26. Flotow, 2, 1.—27. Ueberle, 2, 1.—28. Spontini, 1, 1. Artists who sang, not being members of the company (*Gäste*), were:—*Ladies*, Luger (engaged), Lichtenegg, Pollack (engaged), Littner, Albani, Lola Beeth (engaged), Liszt, Wurzbach-Grossi, Klein, Kauer, Wassermann (engaged); *gentlemen*, Hedmont (engaged), Erl, Sylva, Marion, Hermann. The "novelties" during the season were Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella*, and Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi*.

A new four-act opera, *La Modella*, has been produced at the Central Skating-Rink, the music by Oreste Bimboni, conductor of the Italian company. The story as told by Signori Fiorentino and Ducati, authors of the libretto, and based on a historical fact, may be thus summarised: Lippo Lippi, accompanied by his pupil, Folcoretto, visits a convent, for the purpose of painting an altarpiece. Both fall in love with a novice, Sister Lucrezia, selected as a model. Lippo runs off with her, but, denounced by Folcoretto, is arrested and cast into prison. Recovering his liberty, however, he challenges his rival. As they are fighting, Lucrezia rushes between them, and, receiving a dagger-thrust intended for Folcoretto, is killed, but, ere dying, reconciles the combatants. Bimboni has written some pleasing music, but full of reminiscences. The performers were Adini, Malvezzi, Aramburo, Brogi, and Caracciolo, who, with the composer, were several times called forward.

By virtue of an agreement between the Intendant-General and Johann Pafen, an invention for rendering objects fireproof is adopted in the Theatres Royal here as well as at Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, its efficacy having been proved. It is hoped that Pafen's mixture may have nothing in common with that employed at the Burgtheater, Vienna, the use of which will probably be discontinued. It appears that, in process of time, the salts and other chemical ingredients of which the mixture is compounded have a tendency to disintegrate and fill the air with minute particles, highly irritating to the throat. The consequence is that a voice, strong and fresh in the first act, grows languid and weary as the play goes on till at the end it verges on extinction. W. P. J.

Important alterations, designed principally with a view to the safety of the public, are being carried out at the National Theatre, Buenos Ayres.

BAYREUTH.—It was rumoured that, in consequence of an epidemic of small pox, the performances of the "Stage-consecrative-Festival-Play" (*Bühnenweihfestspiel*) announced for July and August would be postponed, but the rumour was destitute of truth. Herr Vogl, however, has written requesting Wagner to release him and Madame Vogl from taking part in the said performances, wherein the husband was to represent Parsifal and his wife to appear as Kundry. The reason assigned for this is, that the Vogls are not to be exclusive representatives of the parts in question.

HANS RICHTER AT DARWIN'S.

It was at Whitsuntide last year that my friend, Hermann Francke, the manager of my concerts in London and the German Opera I am now conducting at Drury Lane, said that Darwin wished to make my acquaintance, and had invited me to spend the whole of Whit Sunday with him. Francke married Darwin's niece, formerly a Miss Wedgwood, and there was a good deal of music going on in Darwin's house. Mrs Darwin herself is extremely musical, and had neither more nor less than a classical musical education. How delighted I was at the invitation I need not say. Francke, his Wife, and myself started by an early fast train for Kent Down, which we reached in two hours. A carriage was in waiting and took us through a charming part of the country—the ground is undulating, and the verdure remarkable for its luxuriance, its English luxuriance—to Darwin's residence. This was an ordinary one-storied English country house, with nothing special or striking about it. There was the usual front garden planted with clumps of all kinds of shrubs and shady trees. The gates in the low railing were thrown open, and we drove up to the house. We were shown through a short passage direct to the parlour; the door was opened, and I stood before Darwin, who was seated in an arm-chair near the fire-place in which there was a small fire still burning. On our entrance, he rose quickly, holding out his hand and cordially greeting me. What was the first impression? Indescribable. I had seen many photographs and pictures of Darwin, but there is one thing which none of them, however good they may be, reproduced: the beauty of the eye, the Germanically-beautiful eye, with its endless benevolence, its wealth of goodness and gentleness. I was, I frankly confess, awfully agitated. I then gradually scanned him and found that all his pictures represented him with too dark an expression of countenance; he was a delicate face with a not immoderately large head, as people imagine. But, on the other hand, he was taller than one was apt to picture him, and when young must have been very tall, far taller than the usual height. The forehead was exceedingly large and magnificently developed; hair and beard completely white, the beard not so long and shaggy as in the pictures of him; in dress, the perfect gentleman. His whole appearance was exceptionally dignified and at the same time pleasing, as if he were some rich lord who had retired to his estate to live for his peculiar tastes—but, on looking the lord in the eye, you quickly perceived what streamed out of it. I could not look my fill, though expected at the same time to eat my fill, for breakfast was ready. Against the right wall of the parlour was a famous Erard, and before it a stand with an open music-book on it. It was Beethoven's Cello Sonata in A major. "Who here plays the 'cello?" I enquired. "No one," replied Darwin, "but my son, now in Strassburgh, plays the bassoon." Mrs Darwin, a stately, vigorous, handsome woman, far advanced in the sixties, and exceptionally ladylike, begged me to play something, she herself giving the themes, at first Mozart, then Haydn, Beethoven, and finally Wagner. I played pieces from the *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, and *Lohengrin*. After dinner we went into the garden. During the dinner, which lasted about an hour and a half, Darwin was uncommonly amiable and lively. He laughed heartily whenever I told a funny story, but turned the conversation also to serious subjects, and emphatically dwelt on the deep respect he entertained for Germany, German intellect, and German work. He could not speak German, but he read and understood perfectly German scientific works, Mrs Darwin informed me. After dinner we had more music, for in the dining-room there was a magnificent grand; after the black coffee, we went into the garden, conducted thither by Darwin, who then retired to his study for his afternoon's nap. The study and the laboratory were two different rooms; the laboratory I did not see. The study was situated in the passage by which you enter the house; it lies on the right hand and the windows look on to the front garden. It was very simply fitted up and filled with bookcases, all in the neatest order. It was with exceeding great delight that Darwin showed me the large and magnificent album presented him on his seventieth birthday by some four hundred German savants, professors, &c. He repeatedly expressed his delight at it. What pictures decorated the room? Well, it is a remarkable fact, in this room as likewise in the passage, there were none but pictures from the history of Christ's Passion, both the whole journey to the Cross and other scenes out of the New

Testament, though only such as relate to Christ, as the Sermon on the Mount, the Draught of Fishes—I think in water-colours. I observed no busts. While Darwin was having his nap, we walked about the garden. Before the dining-room there was an open verandah from which, without having to descend any steps, you pass directly into the garden. First of all there was a large lawn for the English game with balls.* Then came beds covered with clay pots, glass hand frames and so on, as well as a large glass house. Were the flesh-eating plants cultivated in it? I do not know; I saw a number of flowers of the strangest description, but I am not strong in botany. The garden led to a wild or English park, as it is usually called. We opened the latch of a gate in the paling, the mechanism having been previously explained to us, and stood in the midst of a wood, with luxuriant meadows on the slope before us, all of the most magnificent green and the most reviving freshness. On our return, we met Darwin in the dining-room, and at his request I played something more. Then we again had a solid meal to strengthen us for the return journey. Darwin complained of being obliged to interrupt his work in the laboratory; the doctors, he stated, would not leave him alone; they said he must go to the seaside, and he was quite inconsolable that he might not work there. On our taking leave, he promised that this year, in June, when *Die Meistersinger* was performed, he would come up to London on purpose. Which of us would have thought, when this promise was made, that one so vigorous and cheerful was never destined to redeem it!—*Neuer Wiener Tagesblatt*.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave a "Chamber Concert," in the Concert Room of the institution, on Saturday evening, June 10. We subjoin the programme:—

Motet, "O Jesu" (Haydn)—the Choir—solos, Miss Florence Norman, Miss Christina Cross, Mr Sinclair Dunn, and Mr Musgrave Tufnail; Song (MS.), "They bid me sleep" (G. Hooper, student)—Miss Margaret Cockburne; Duetto, "Si la stanchezza," *Il Trovatore* (Verdi)—Miss S. Fenn, and Mr Lewis; Andante, with variations, in B flat, Op. 83a (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss Lilian Munster, and Miss Munster, pupils of Mr Eyres; Songs, "Thou'rt like unto a Flower" (Schumann), "Sing, Maiden, sing" (Sir Sterndale Bennett)—Mr Hirwen Jones; Shakspere Song, No. 9 (female voices), "Ye spotted Snakes" (G. A. Macfarren); Trio, in A, Op. 26 (Sir Sterndale Bennett)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Robinson, pupil of Mr O'Leary—violin, Mr H. C. Tonking—violoncello, Mr H. Hambleton; Cantilena, "Perche piangi?" (Gounod)—Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg; Selection from *Carnaval*, "Scenes Mignonnes," Op. 9 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Dyer, pupil of Walter Macfarren; Song (MS.), "A lament for Summer" (John Cullen, student)—Miss Lynn; Impromptu, Op. 66, on a *motivo*, from Schumann's *Manfred*, for two pianofortes (Reinecke)—Miss Rose Evans, and Mr Septimus Webbe, pupils of Mr Westlake; Song, "Do not wake me from my Dream" (Schira)—Miss Hope Brittain; Polonaise, in E flat, Op. 22 (Chopin)—pianoforte, Miss Lucy Ellam, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Duet, "The Garland," *Jessonda* (Spohr)—Miss Easterfield, and Miss Ercell; Part-song, "The Fairies" (Walter Macfarren)—the Choir.

Mr William Shakespeare conducted.

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CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—While thanking you for your friendly notices of our Musical Festival, I must ask you to print these few lines, written to avert a misconception which might easily arise, and which would be very injurious to this cathedral. Your reporter says that one singer was "particularly well received," that two others gained "great applause," that in another case the audience "warmly testified their approbation," and that in another "the marked approbation of the large audience was secured." It is evident that these expressions might naturally be understood to denote audible and even loud expressions of feeling. But nothing of the kind occurred during any part of our services at the Festival, and if such irreverence had been conceived of as possible, these services would never have been held in the cathedral at all.—Your obedient servant, J. S. Howson.
The Deanery, Chester, June 10.

*Lawn-tennis?—TRANSLATOR.

[June 17, 1882.]

MARRIAGE.

On June the 10th, at St James's, Camberwell, by the Rev. J. D. Dyke, WILLIAM JOHN CLIVVERD, of 28, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, to ELLEN MARGARET, daughter of Francis Goodlake, of Derwent Lodge, Overton Road, Brixton. No cards.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 354.)

It would really not be uninstructive for the history of our civilization to follow carefully these wonderful works of conversion, since they have led to the formation, in the domain of music, a domain hitherto so gloriously occupied by Germans, of a strangely ramified party, composed of the most different elements, and the members of which appear to have simply assured themselves mutually of impotence and unproductivity.

You will now, my dear Madam, first ask how it happened that the indisputable success which I achieved, and the friends whom, after all, my works openly procured me, could not in any way be employed to combat these hostile machinations?

This cannot be easily or shortly answered. First of all hear what happened to Franz Liszt, my best friend, and most zealous champion. It was precisely through the magnanimous self-confidence which he exhibited in every matter that he provided his opponents, who were cautiously on the watch, and took advantage of the most trivial and subordinate things, with the very weapons which they wanted. What the latter so ardently desired, namely : the elimination of the question about Judaism, a question which so irritated them, was agreeable to Liszt, also, but, of course, for a directly contrary reason, namely : because he wished to see an honourable dispute on art free from embittered personal feeling, while it was the interest of his opponents to keep concealed the motive of a dishonourable conflict, the cause of the calumnies directed against us. Thus, then, this fermenting element in the movement was left untouched by us as well as by the opposite party. On the other hand, it was a jocular notion of Liszt's to accept the nickname of "Musicians of the Future," which had been applied to us in ridicule, in the same way that the name of "gueux" was accepted by the Netherlanders. Genial traits like these, on the part of my friend, were extremely acceptable to his opponents ; the latter had now, on this point, scarcely any necessity for further calumny, and through the "Musicians of the Future," it was a very easy task to attack an artist like him, so impetuous both in his life and in his productions. With the defection of a hitherto warmly devoted friend, a great violin-virtuoso, on whom the shield of Medusa appears at last to have taken effect, there commenced against Franz Liszt, a man, in every respect, magnanimously careless, that raging agitation, which finally brought about the disappointment of his hopes and the spirit of bitterness, owing to which he abandoned for ever his splendid efforts to found in Weimar an abode where music might be supported and promoted.

Now, my dear Madam, are you not as much surprised at the persecution to which our great friend was subjected, as at that which overtook me?—You might, perhaps, be deceived by the fact that, owing to the brilliancy of his outward artistic career, Liszt had certainly drawn down upon himself the envy of different people, especially of his German colleagues, who had stuck by the way, and that, moreover, by his abandonment of the career of a *virtuoso*, and by his appearance for which, up to that time, he had been simply preparing of a creative artist, he excited, in a tolerably intelligible manner, a doubt that very easily arose, and, therefore was easily to be fostered by envy, as to his fitness for the fresh vocation he had chosen. I think, however, that I shall be in a position to prove, by means of something on which I shall subsequently touch, that, if we search to the very bottom of the matter, we shall find that these doubts, precisely as, in my case, my supposed theories, were used simply as an excuse for a war of persecution ; just as with the latter, it was sufficient to examine attentively the former, and weigh them against the correct impression of our productivity, to perceive

that the question rested upon an entirely different point ; we might then form an opinion, discuss the matter, and speak for or against it ; something would, at any rate, have come of such a course. But this was exactly what was not desired ; nay, this careful examination of the new phenomena was just what our opponents wished to prevent ; on the contrary, with a vulgarity of expression and of insinuation, the like of which has never been known under similar circumstances, they so howled and roared in the wide domain of the press that it was entirely out of the question to come to a human verbal explanation. And, therefore, I assure you, that what Liszt also underwent, springs from the effect produced by the article on "Judaism in Music."

But this did not strike even us at first. There are, at all times, so many interests determining people to oppose new phenomena, nay, to brand unconditionally, as heretical, everything contained in them, that even we could not help supposing that we had to do, in this case, simply with slothfulness and the love of ease, which we had disturbed, felt by those who look upon art as a mere business. Since it was, above all in the press, and, moreover, in the large and leading political papers, that the hostile attacks appeared, those friends who were rendered anxious about the result of Liszt's appearance, which now took place, as an instrumental composer, by the fact that the impartiality of the public was disturbed by these attacks, considered that they ought to adopt active measures ; with the exception, however, of a few mistakes which were committed, it was speedily evident that the most deliberate discussion of one of Liszt's compositions could find no admittance in the larger papers, the entire space in which was already taken up and occupied by a hostile interest. Who now will seriously believe that such a course on the part of the great papers indicated apprehension of the harm which might be inflicted by a new direction in art upon good old German taste for the latter? I have lived to find that, in an esteemed paper of this description, it was impossible for me to mention Offenbach in a manner appropriate in his case ; who can, in this instance, believe in anxiety about German taste in art? To such a pitch did matters go ; we were entirely excluded from the great German papers. But to whom do these papers belong? Our liberals and men of progress have to pay dearly for being tarred by their opponents, the old conservative party, with the same brush as Judaism and its specific interests ; when the Romish ultras enquire what right a press directed by the Jews can possess to take part in matters connected with the Christian Church, there is a fatal meaning in their question, a meaning at any rate based upon a correct knowledge of the dependent position of the papers in question.

The strange thing in all this is that the fact is known to everyone ; for who has not learnt it from his own experience? I cannot say how far this indisputable state of things extends to higher political affairs, though the Exchange affords a pretty evident indication ; but in the domain of music, a domain abandoned to the most utterly worthless babble, sharp-sighted persons do not entertain the slightest doubt that everything is subjected to a most remarkable rule, which is carried out in such widely-ramified circles, and with such unanimous exactitude, as to lead us to believe in highly energetic organization and management. In Paris I found, to my surprise, that this most careful management was no secret ; everyone there can relate the most wonderful traits in connection with it, especially with regard to the care, descending to the very smallest details, taken in order that the secret, which by being shared by too many persons concerned in it was exposed to become ventilated, might, at any rate, be protected from open denunciation, that every little hole, however small, through which it could find its way into a paper should be stopped up, even were this done by a visiting card dropped in the keyhole of a garret. Everyone, then, obeyed as in the best disciplined army during an engagement ; you know the platoon firing which was directed against me in the Parisian press, and demanded by good taste in art.—In London, I met in this respect, with greater openness. Mr. —, the musical critic of the *Times* (just reflect how colossal and universal is the paper of which I am speaking), assailed me immediately I arrived with a storm of insults, and did not hesitate in the course of his outpourings against me, to hold me up to public indignation as the calumniator of the greatest composers, on account of their Judaism. With the English public, he had more to gain than to lose in importance by this discovery, on the one hand, in consequence of the great consideration enjoyed among the English by Mendelssohn, and, on the other, perhaps, in consequence of the peculiar character of the English religion, which strikes competent judges as being based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament.—In St Petersburg and Moscow only did I find the ground of the musical press as yet neglected by Judaism ; I there experienced the wonderful fact of being taken up, for the first time, by the musical press in exactly the same way as by the public, whose kindly feelings for me the Jews had not been able to

* *Judaism in Music.* By Richard Wagner. Leipsic: J. J. Weber, 1869.

affect anywhere except in my native town, Leipsic, where the public have simply stayed away from me altogether.

In consequence of the laughable aspects of the matter, I have almost fallen into a jocular tone in this communication, but I must now give up that tone, if I would undertake, my dear Madame, in conclusion, to direct your attention to a very serious aspect of the matter, which aspect, probably, commences, even for you, exactly at the point where we turn from the persecution of *me*, to consider the effects of this remarkable persecution as far as it extends to our artistic spirit itself.

(*To be continued.*)

RUBINSTEIN'S PARADISE LOST.

There are some who hold that Anton Rubinstein is fitted by nature to be a composer of the little. They point to his charming songs and smaller pianoforte pieces with a triumphant air, contrasting the universal favour in which these are held with the anything but unanimous verdict passed upon his more pretentious effusions. Let this be as it may, one thing is certain—Rubinstein has an intellectual preference for the vast, the grandiose, and the sensational. He has written a symphony, *The Ocean*, to which he is continually adding new movements, as though it should, even in dimensions, be worthy of an illimitable theme. In opera he has dealt with the heroic story of the Maccabees, and in oratorio with the wonders of Babel and the "confusion of tongues." More than this, it is to Rubinstein we owe a musical illustration of the events which, as says Milton, "brought death into the world, and all our woe." We can conceive an oratorio on the subject of *Paradise Lost* which shall be in the manner of an idyll. The fresh joy of Nature in her youngest hours, the innocence and beauty of man's first life, the temptation, the fall, and the banishment from Edenic delights to a place of labour and sorrow, made endurable by a promise of ultimate restoration—these things need not be treated in the Ercles' vein. They form a "pastoral" through which runs a moral of profound significance and of always absorbing interest to those upon whom the mysteries of life weigh heavily. But Rubinstein—or Rubinstein's poet influencing him—could not be satisfied with the simple story of Paradise. Within the limited space of an oratorio he has compressed the argument of him who invoked the muse's aid to an

"Adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

We cannot conceive a greater mistake. That the *Paradise Lost* of Milton should go back to the origin of things, show us the revolt in Heaven, the creation of the world and of man, and the conspiracy of the lost angels against the happiness of the new creature, is right enough. Milton's poem is an epic, and the whole ground of his subject had to be covered with epic fulness. But when a composer emulates this comprehensiveness he invites disaster. Either he must make his work of enormous and unmanageable length, or he must lay himself open to a charge of sketchiness and inadequacy of treatment. Rubinstein's oratorio proves the fact, by trying to avoid each fault and being successful in escaping neither. On the one hand, it is too long; on the other, some of the tremendous events dealt with are scarcely more than touched. The plan of the work, in short, is too big altogether—so obviously too big that we can only explain Rubinstein's non-perception of the fact by supposing him under the influence of an overwhelming fancy for sensationalism. There is reason to believe that this influence actually controlled him, and we find it in the poem, which deals largely with the powers that waged war on Heaven. The rebel angels are brought on the scene as often as possible, and nothing is done to qualify their position or their sentiments. They fight against the celestial legions with such words as "Curses light upon God's Throne," and, in torment, they exclaim to their leader, "Give us vengeance on yon Heaven, and on God." Elsewhere Satan is made to call up Sin and Death, with their attendant train, who answer "out of Hell's recesses deepest," and profess themselves filled "with Hell's intensest ardour." All this is decidedly strong, and proportionately attractive to a tumultuous composer like Rubinstein. But the temptation should have been resisted. Such scenes are beyond art, and better left to the imagination. Even Milton, for all his prayer—

"What in me is dark,
I lumine; what is low, raise and support"—

did not keep up "to the height of this great argument," and that which his genius failed to do with the full and rich resources of language is certainly impossible to the more restricted means of the painter and musician. In *Paradise Lost*, however, Rubinstein gives

the loosest rein to his daring. He consented to the introduction of even the Divine Being, and allotted to Him, hardly veiled by the designation, "A Voice," the most conspicuous part in the work. Can we wonder that the music to the scenes in Heaven, notwithstanding its unquestionable power and still more undisputable noise, seems weak and unsatisfactory? Who is sufficient for these things? That there are exceptions to the rule of inadequacy we admit. The invocation of Death and Sin, for example, contains striking and impressive passages, while the angelic chorus following the Divine announcement of a purpose to create a new race is excellent in character and treatment. But, generally speaking, we see in this part of the work composer of grandiose proclivities struggling with a subject which, if treated with no more than grandioseness, is almost burlesqued. We see him, too, getting the worst of the encounter.

In the second part, Rubinstein's poet, still elevated on the highest of stilts, sets forth the story of the Creation, and requires the composer to measure himself against Haydn. The old master does not count for much in these days, it is true, being spoken of by "superior persons," when they condescend to notice him at all, with a mixture of pity and contempt. Rubinstein, doubtless, is too wise to decry the composer of *The Creation*, and must have had uncomfortable reflections as to the result of the comparison here challenged. We will not say that his reflections were entirely unwarranted, for even the orchestral representation of Chaos—a subject well adapted to the ability and taste of so many modern composers—cannot match that of Father Haydn. Moreover, all the stages of the six days' work are treated with a brevity which, though unavoidable, leaves behind a feeling of incompleteness. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the music contains many happy ideas effectively expressed. The chorus of angels, who hail the rising of the firmament, is a case in point, short though it be. So is that attendant upon the birth of fruits and flowers, and that which describes the calm shining of the new-made moon. In point of fact, wherever the subject invites what we may call lyrical treatment, Rubinstein does not fail to display the gentler graces that constitute his real strength. At the end of this part, the composer gathers himself up for a mighty effort, even as did Haydn when the heavens first declared the glory of God. The chorus, "Ring out, ye heavenly trumpets," is one of his finest achievements in the grand style. Introduced by a pompous exordium for voices and instruments, it takes the form of a fugue on the words "Praise ye the Mighty One." Soon, however, the voices forsake the contrapuntal subject to combine in massive harmony, while the theme remains with the orchestra and constitutes the chief feature of accompaniment. The peroration is a genuine climax, and the number, as a whole, would deserve a very high place were it not lacking in individuality, and, we may add, scored so as to make the effect degenerate sometimes into that of mere noise.

The third part is that which justifies the title of the work, by devoting its action to the incidents of "man's first disobedience." Here, however, the librettist has thought proper once again to introduce the rebel angels, who open with a chorus of triumph, using words thus rendered by a severely literal translation, "Hell, keep glowing, hotter, hotter! Satan, sputter fiercer flammings! For 'tis Hell that conquers now." This may appear a gratuitous horror; but, on the other hand, the poet, deficient in the Gothic spirit that led Wagner to write music for a dragon, has passed over the actual temptation, and escaped the serpent. The fatal sin is supposed to have been committed, and we are concerned chiefly with its punishment, after devils have triumphed, angels mourned, and Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel pleaded in an excruciating trio that hell was too strong for their guardianship of the new-made creatures. The scene in the Garden between the Divine Judge and our first parents is given with considerable minuteness. Then we have the lament of the offending pair, with which are conjoined the exultation of hell and the grief of heaven, the whole work coming to an end with the shutting of the gates of Eden. Musically speaking, the third part is the weakest in the oratorio. The ear and mind have already had enough of Rubinstein's demoniacal music, and of shouting contests between devil and angels; nevertheless both are repeated here *ad nauseam*, unrelieved by graceful episodes such as those that have already engaged our attention. Without going further into details, we may say that this is characteristic in a modified sense of the entire work. *Paradise Lost* is too strongly suggestive of effort. Save for here and there a quiet episode, it is full of storm and stress—laborious striving after effects not always attained, and a piling of Pelion on Ossa in vain attempts to reach the inaccessible. An over accumulation of means has its usual results. The orchestra sometimes becomes vulgar with excess of noise, while the voices, unsparingly used in an unvoiced manner, soon fall painfully upon the ear. This is the fault, not of Rubinstein's musicianship, but of his temerity in choosing a

subject beyond his power, as, indeed, it would be beyond the power of most men. At the same time, we must fairly recognize a partial success.

Though the performance was far from perfect, we may speak of the solo singing in terms of general praise. Madme Rose Hersee gave apt expression to the music of an angel in the first part, and of Eve in the second and third. She brought intelligence to her task, and the inestimable quality served her well. A word may be said, also, for the manner in which Misses Penna, Farnol, Michael, and Gabriel. Signor Foli gave characteristic effect to the music of Satan, and Mr Ludwig was excellent in the part of Adam. The greatest credit of the evening was due, however, to Mr Barton M'Guckin, whose delivery of the many recitations allotted to "A Voice," bespoke him alike a good vocalist and an intelligent artist. We take full cognizance of the difficulties which both orchestra and chorus had to encounter; yet it must be said that a better rendering of the concerted music should have been forthcoming. There only remains to add that the oratorio was received without much enthusiasm, and that the English version of the text had been well written and skilfully adapted to the music by Mr Henry Hersee. Mr W. G. Cusins was the conductor.—D. T.

CONCERTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The twenty-sixth series of Saturday afternoon concerts was completed last week, leaving only the usual supplementary "benefit" of Mr Manns, the conductor, announced for to-day. Saturday's concert included the first performance in England of a new symphony by Signor Sgambati, a Roman composer and pianist, of whom we recently spoke with unqualified favour in reference to his brilliant performance of a concerto of his own at the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society. Signor Sgambati's symphony is an elaborate composition, consisting of four principal divisions, of which the first and the last are the most diffuse and the least interesting. In the symphony generally, and especially in the portions just specified, the influence of Wagner and Liszt is very manifest in the avoidance of coherent structure and continuity of interest, together with a tendency to exaggerated and spasmodic orchestral effects. The second movement, *andante maestoso*, contains much flowing and melodious writing, with fanciful and well varied instrumentation; the *scherzo* is spirited, vigorous and well contrasted with the two associated trios. The symphony, conducted by the composer himself, was greatly applauded throughout. It is unnecessary again to eulogise Signor Sgambati's great executive powers as a pianist, which were on this occasion manifested by his performance of Beethoven's great Concerto in E flat. Madle Badia sang with much success Verdi's scena "Ah! fors'e lui" and the air of Salome from Massenet's *Herodiade*; while Mr B. M'Guckin gave Handel's recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels" in very artistic style. The programme also included the barcarolle from Balfe's *Painter of Antwerp* (assigned to the singer last named), Mendelssohn's overture to *Son and Stranger*, and that to Schumann's *Genoveva*. With the exception of the symphony, Mr Manns conducted as usual. The selection for his "benefit," this afternoon, includes Beethoven's Choral Symphony. After the concert the presentation of the Manns testimonial will take place in the Opera Theatre, and after the presentation a complimentary dinner to the universally esteemed conductor, who has helped to make the Crystal Palace a temple to the Muses.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—Beethoven's great Mass in D was performed at the seventh concert of the present series, given in St James's Hall, on Monday evening. The extraordinary work, so illustrative of its composer's highest genius and of a daring which, in its latest development, practically amounted to weakness, is no longer "cavare" to our public. This was shown by a large attendance, and by the lively interest with which every movement was followed. Even the most recondite utterances of Beethoven are now beginning to be understood, or, at any rate, are heard with a conviction that they can and ought to be understood. The agreeable fact, however, does not make their interpretation any the more easy, as Herr Richter and his people had reason to know on Monday night. Indeed, a perfect rendering of the Mass remains, and will remain, something to dream about, but hardly to realize. The highest praise possible under such conditions was deserved by the latest on the present occasion, band and chorus working together with as much skill as energy, and led by their masterly conductor, overcoming every difficulty not quite insurmountable. Some of the solo parts were in excellent hands, notably that for the soprano, allotted to Madme Peschka-Leutner, who, a few years ago, came amongst us for the first time and won universal admiration. We shall have immediate occasion to speak of this lady in connection with German opera, and it may suffice now to say that she sang Beethoven's music

as perfectly as fastidiousness itself could desire. Miss Orridge was an excellent contralto, never at fault, and Mr Shakespeare distinguished himself as usual by an admirable combination of the qualities that make up a musician and a vocalist. It is impossible to say as much of Herr Elmblad, who seemed to be managed by his voice than his voice by him. Herr Richter, it is scarcely requisite to add, conducted in splendid style, and was loudly applauded.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Philharmonic Society concluded a successful season—the 70th since its foundation—at St. James's Hall last week with the first performance in this country of *Paradise Lost*, an oratorio or sacred drama by Rubinstein. The fame of Rubinstein as a pianist is so great and so well-founded, and some of his songs and piano-forte pieces are so charming, that an important work from his pen always deserves respectful attention. It would, however, be difficult to assume a more admiring attitude of mind towards what, in plain language, must be called a very weak and tedious production. To begin with the *libretto*, it is such that one must wonder how a composer of Rubinstein's intelligence could have selected it. Its sacred and mystic subject is treated "free after Milton," according to a statement on the title-page of the score in the worst German doggerel, which it must have given Mr Hersee much trouble to turn into intelligible English. The first part is concerned with the rebellion of Lucifer and his followers, and their defeat by the angels. The battle itself is depicted in a double chorus of grand dimensions, the most elaborate number of the score worked out with considerable skill and power. The solo parts in this portion are represented by "A Voice"—the symbol of the creative Deity—Satan, and an angel. There is little or no attempt at dramatic characterization, the utterance of the "Voice" being very commonplace and especially inappropriate under the circumstances. Satan vents his rage in a lengthy *scena*, and the only sympathetic personage is the angel, who sings an air which, although a distinct imitation of the Mendelssohn pattern, brings welcome relief among these dreary surroundings. It was sung with charming simplicity by Madme Rose Hersee, whose sympathetic voice also told admirably in the music assigned to Eve in the third part of the oratorio. The ten numbers of the second part comprise the successive acts of creation, the utterances of "A Voice" being in each case responded to by a brief chorus of angels describing and applauding the wonders of the world. With the exception of the last number, which contains a scholarly fugue, there is little in these short choruses to interest the musician or to appeal to the human sympathy of an unsophisticated audience. The feature of the sacred story most apt to evoke much sympathy, curiously enough, has found no place in Herr Rubinstein's sacred drama, which may well be compared to the famous performance of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; for "The Temptation and the Fall," instead of being made the chief event of the story, is assigned to a short and uninteresting orchestral interlude, without the slightest reference to the incident it purports to illustrate. A more unsuccessful attempt at "programme music" it would be difficult to discover in the whole range of modern art. In the last act the wailings and rejoicings of angels and demons begin again with renewed vigour, another elaborate double chorus bringing the oratorio to a welcome close. The reasons for producing such a work as this it would not be easy to discover. It does not represent its composer's mature style, and its performance has not, as far as we can learn, been anywhere accompanied by success. Its rendering by chorus and orchestra had evidently been prepared by Mr Cusins with a care which might have been bestowed with more advantage upon a worthier task. Among the chief soloists Madme Rose Hersee has already been mentioned. Mr Barton M'Guckin declaimed the lengthy speeches of "A Voice" with due emphasis, and Signor Foli's strongly pronounced manner was well suited to the part of "Satan." This artist has had many opportunities of realizing the various operatic embodiments of the evil principle, and should be as familiar with the musical language of fiends and demons as Blake and the Swedesborgians with their every-day speech.—*Times*.

MIS. SAIDIE SINGLETON gave concert on Friday evening June 9, at the residence of Dr and Mrs Julius Pollock, Harley Street, before a numerous and fashionable company. Besides taking part in duets by Gounod and O. G. Thomas, Miss Singleton gave agreeable renderings of "Voi che sapete" (Mozart) and "My Heart" (Moncrieff). Madame Clara Samuel, in "The old and young Marie" (Cowen); Mr Hutchinson, in "The Secret" (Goetz); Mr Ben Davies, in "My Queen" (Blumenthal); Mr Maybrick, in "Maid of Athens" (Gounod); and Madame Enriquez, in a charming new song, "When the house is still" (Blumenthal), all ministered to the gratification of the audience, to which Messrs Robertson and Thorndike equally contributed. Though the vocal music exceeded in quantity the instrumental, the latter were in quality not less worthy and acceptable. Herr Louis Ries played solos by Hofmann and Rameau

in the capital style usual with this well-known violinist. Miss Randecker was held in special favour. The young pianist, now rising into fame, gave a highly artistic rendering of Chopin's *Scherzo* in B minor. More than equal to every demand made upon mere executive skill, she proved herself a congenial exponent of the composer's thoughts. The governing melody was each time "sung" with true accent and expression, indicating that Miss Randecker is on the way to become an accomplished mistress of her art. In Liszt's "Tarentella" her brightness and vivacity found ample scope. The conductors were Messrs Sidney Naylor, Cliffe, and Randecker.—P.G.

MR KUHE'S CONCERT.—This annual concert is announced to take place in St James's Hall on Monday next, and promises excellent entertainment. The programme contains, as usual, a large number of selections adapted to please all tastes, while the artists engaged comprise Mesdames Albani, Sembrich, Marie Roze, Trebelli, Pauline Lucca, Mary Davies, and Sterling; the Misses Robertson; Messrs De Reszke, Massart, Foote, Santley, Musin (violin), Hollman (violin-cello), and Kuhe (pianoforte). These names, needing "no bush," will secure for the *bénéficiaire* a crowded house.

FRANZ RUMMEL gave a "Pianoforte Recital" on Friday afternoon, June 9, at St James's Hall. The performance of Mr Rummel a few seasons ago, at the Crystal Palace, and notices of his artistic tour in the United States, have been recorded at various times in *The Musical World*. Since his return from America, Mr Rummel has resided at Berlin, where he is highly esteemed. At the "recital" on Friday afternoon, June 9, he exhibited his command over the instrument of his predilection in playing by memory, and with remarkable ability, the following compositions, of widely different characters:—

1.—Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge (Bach); Sonata, F minor, Op. 57 (Beethoven). 2.—Andantino and Variations (Schubert—Tausig); Sonata, G minor, Op. 22 (Schumann); Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn). 3.—Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2, Polonaise, Op. 53, and Berceuse, Op. 58 (Chopin); Concert Etude (Brassini); Etude, Op. 2, No. 6 (Henselt); Scherzo, "Aus der Serenade," Op. 35 (Jadassohn); Barcarolle, and Valse—le Bal—(Rubinstein); Serenade, Op. 15, No. 2 (Moszkowski); Walderauschen—Etude—and Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 (Liszt).

The audience were attentive and appreciative throughout.

KENSINGTON ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.—Another of the concerts of this society was given at the New Town Hall on the 8th inst. The attendance, as upon former occasions, was large and fashionable, and Mr William Buels, to whom the Kensingtonians are indebted for these agreeable meetings, again won compliment and credit for the excellence of his programme. A performance of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" occupied the first section of the proceedings, the solos and choruses of which were efficiently sung by Miss Agnes Wood, Miss B. K. Martin, Mr Walter Joy, and Mr F. B. Davis and choir, while the duties devolving upon Mr Buels' amateur orchestra were just as carefully and skilfully discharged. Altogether, this charming pastoral has seldom, under similar local circumstances, been represented so completely and with so much pleasant intelligence. The second part of the concert was devoted to a varied miscellany of vocal pieces and instrumental solos. Among the former Mr E. F. Buels shone conspicuously by his delivery of Handel's "Ruddier than the cherry," in which he disclosed, as we have before had occasion to report, a flexibility of execution not ordinarily the characteristic of baritone voices. Miss Marion Burke, in Watson's pathetic ditty, "A winter story," and Mr J. A. Rooney, in Piatti's daintily conceived song, "Awake, awake!" were also listened to with pleasure, the latter deriving no little of its interest from the violoncello *obligato* of Mr William Buels, whose suavity of tone and purity of expression almost recalled the playing of Piatti himself. Miss Marion Buels, another member of this highly accomplished family, challenged something more than honourable mention by her brilliant rendering of Liszt's *Rigoletto* solo, in which every exhibitory test is afforded for those facilities of hand which the fashion of the day has made indispensable. There was likewise a violin performance which did honour to the player, M. Szczepanowski. The concert took place under illustrious patronage, and Mr Buels is fairly entitled to congratulate himself, and be congratulated, upon its success.—H.

MR W. G. CUSINS, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, gave an interesting and well-attended concert at St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. The most important item of the programme was a trio in C minor, for pianoforte and strings, composed by Mr. Cusins himself, and admirably rendered by him in conjunction with Messrs Straus and E. Howell. It is a work of serious purpose, written regardless of immediate success, and revealing throughout the hand of an experienced and accomplished musician. Among the four movements, the first, *allegro* and

largo, are, perhaps, the most successful. Besides Beethoven's sonata, in D (Op. 102, No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and a brilliant *valse* by Mr Cusins, the programme comprised an interesting selection of vocal music, including settings of Tennyson's poems by various composers, and a duet by Steffani, the famous Italian composer of the 17th century. Madam Rose Hersee, Carlotta Elliot, and Patey, Messrs Maas, Santley, and F. King were the vocalists.

—o— PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—Special interest attached to Saturday evening's Town Hall Organ Recital from the fact that the programme had been arranged so as to form a tribute to the memory of the late General Garibaldi. One of the most successful pieces, and certainly the most appropriate, was a composition set by Dr. Spark to Garibaldi's National Song, which the deceased General sang at the head of his followers on the 18th August, 1860, on board the English transport steamer Amazon, which was conveying them from Palermo to Messina. Dr. Spark's composition was first introduced at the Leeds Town Hall on the 27th October in the same year, and became very popular at the time. The music is highly effective, and its rendering on Saturday evening gained for the composer and performer an enthusiastic round of applause, an encore being demanded. Dr. Spark never gave the recitative and air from *Elijah*, "O rest in the Lord," with better effect. As the Dead March in *Saul* was being played the audience rose to their feet and listened with the deepest attention. The final piece was described as "National and patriotic anthems," comprising "Rule Britannia," "Italian National Air," "The Marseillaise," and "God Save the Queen," in which last the audience joined heartily. It was decided to repeat the performance on the Tuesday and Saturday following.

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BETRAYING OR REVEALING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Does a work of merit "betray," or "reveal" an experienced hand? Yours obediently,

SIMON HALF.

[Half and half, my simple Simon.—Dr Slidge.]

ANNETTE ESSIPOFF-LESCHETIZKY—that veritable pearl among pianists—has returned to Vienna, where she means to take a holiday this summer. May it be a pleasant one.

DESPITE his own asseverations, in order to avoid further impudent enquiries, it is said that Verdi has nearly completed his *Otello*. (For *Otello* read *Iago*—and then take the statement as simply a figurative myth.—Dr Slidge.)

The Pianoforte Recitals of Mr Charles Hallé have materially enhanced the attractions of the Grosvenor Gallery, Music and Painting being now "sister-arts" in the fullest acceptance of the phrase.

A preface explanatory of the story and plan of Wagner's "music-drama," *Tristan und Isolde*, to be produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday night, under the direction of Herr Richter, has been written by Mr C. A. Barry, and printed for private circulation. Those who intend witnessing the performance will do well to obtain a copy.

Tristan und Isolde, regarded by uncompromising Wagnerians (*cumini sectores*) as Wagner's absolute masterpiece, is to be produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under Herr Richter, who has unsaddled Seidl, just as our own Tristram (or Tramtrist) unsaddled Sagamore and Dodinas, for scoffing at the knights-errant of Cornwall. If the Prime Minister as well as the Prince of Wales does not attend the performance, it will be a grievous misadventure.

FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—We may draw attention to this novel festival, which begins, in the Royal Albert Hall, next Tuesday, with a "grand inaugural ceremony," over which the Lord Mayor will preside. On this occasion the National Anthems of England and France will be sung by 2,000 members of the French Orphéon societies. Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon are devoted to concerts, supported by some of the leading artists of the Paris Opéra and Conservatoire, and the prizes won in the competition will be distributed on the evening of the second day. London amateurs are expected largely to embrace the opportunity to learn how music stands amongst their French neighbours.

EURYANTHE AT DRURY LANE.

Weber's *Euryanthe* was produced on Tuesday night before an audience, not crowded, but interested and applause. Fifty-nine years, less a few months, have passed since the opera was first performed, under its composer's own direction, he taking with him to Vienna, where the event happened, a favourite pupil who, as Sir Julius Benedict, witnessed the representation of which we have now to speak. Sir Julius can, doubtless, recall that memorable incident of his youth, and also the sympathy which must have possessed him with what Weber, writing to his wife, styled the "glorious success of *Euryanthe*." He may remember, too, an ominous apparition in the shape of "an old woman, with bangled hat and draggling shawl, who insisted upon pushing forward from bench to bench, shrieking out, amid the Homeric laughter of the whole house, 'Make room, make room for me, I say. I tell you I am the poetess, the poetess.'" That old woman was the evil genius of Weber's new venture, just as she was of Schubert in connection with *Rosamunde*. Vain and eccentric, with just enough literary ability to secure a position where she could make herself ridiculous, Helmina von Chezy lost no chance of connecting her name with those of great men. Hence, when Weber, who had read some of the Chezy fictions, applied to her for a libretto she eagerly caught at the chance of an artistic alliance with the famous author of *Der Freyschütz*, and put before him, amongst other things, a sketch from a French romance, "Histoire de Gérard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryanthe, sa mie." A subject less fitted for operatic treatment could hardly have been discovered; but composers rarely know what is good for them in such matters, and Weber adopted it straightforward. The "confounded old Chezy," as he called her, soon gave him cause to recognize and repeat an error. Her first *scenario* was absolutely impossible, and might, with its apparatus of bloody daggers, roaring lions—in France of all places—moonlit castles, and gloomy vaults have come from the brain of a demented Mrs Radcliffe. Then Weber tried his hand; he and the "old lady" having many a sharp encounter over the changes proposed. That the master improved upon Helmina may be imagined; but to him is traceable the absurd spectral figure which, though invisible to the audience, comes into the story, apparently to give occasion for supernatural music. Composer as well as poetess is, therefore, answerable for a libretto more weak and absurd, perhaps, than any that opera can show. *Euryanthe* was doomed from the first, not to death, since it is living still, but to an existence which the power and beauty of its music have never redeemed from ridicule.

The action of the play opens in a Royal castle, where king, knights, and ladies are celebrating victory and the peace it has conquered. Among the knights is one Adolar, who grieves for the absence of his beloved Euryanthe. This the King learns, and graciously observes, "I will send for her; she shall be queen of the revels. Meanwhile give us a song in her praise." Adolar at once "obliges," and when he has finished, another knight, Lysiart, cruelly remarks that he likes the song, but finds the sentiment ridiculous, because no woman's word was ever worth a thought. Adolar at once offers to defend his faith with his sword, but Lysiart tenders a bet on the result of another sort of trial. His proposal is accepted, the two knights wagering their estates—one that Lysiart can, the other that he cannot, seduce the affections of Euryanthe from Adolar to himself. The resemblance here to the main incident upon which Shakspere's "Cymbeline" turns must be obvious. We are next shown the entrance of "Emma's vault" in the castle of Nevers, and witness a scene between Euryanthe and a certain Eglantine, who, as soon appears, uses the cloak of love for her friend to disguise a sinister purpose. Euryanthe spends much time in "Emma's vault," and Eglantine—naturally, we must confess—desires to know why. The maiden, in a burst of confidence, answers. Poor Emma was a sister of Adolar, and loved one Eldo, who, falling in battle, left the maiden so disconsolate that she sucked an "envenomed ring," and departed this life, hoping to join her lord elsewhere. But the suicide could not enter heaven, and now "a secret sorrow bears her in the vault below." If it be asked how Euryanthe knew all this, the reply is that Emma's ghost appeared, disclosed the particulars above given, and added that heaven would open to her when the ring had been "bath'd in tears of injured innocence." We do not exactly know why, but Eglantine on learning this exclaims "The welcome secret!" and Euryanthe reproaches herself with having broken her plighted word to Adolar. When left alone Eglantine allows her drift to be seen. She loves Adolar, hates Euryanthe, and hopes to win the knight's affection by means of the "secret" in "Emma's vault." Then messengers, headed by Lysiart, arrive with the King's invitation to Euryanthe, who is delighted to join Adolar, and the act ends—for her, happily; for us, confusedly. The second act opens upon the same scene. Lysiart is despairing of success, and, in a long monologue, expresses his feelings with

emphasis. While he is thus engaged Eglantine emerges from "Emma's vault" with the "ring of awful fate," which she has stolen in order to prove Euryanthe faithless to her plight. Her words of rejoicing are overheard by Lysiart, and, as the pair are rowing in the same boat, it suddenly occurs to them that they cannot do better than marry, and make a joint-stock concern of that vengeance which they vow by "gloomy night" to enjoy. We return now to the Royal castle, there witnessing the happy meeting of Adolar and Euryanthe. All goes well till Lysiart appears and coolly claims that he has won the bet, tendering in proof Emma's fatal ring, of the existence of which none but Adolar and Euryanthe knew. The maiden denies the gift, but in vain. Lysiart is at once endowed with the title and lands of Adolar, who, full of rage and stern of purpose, orders Euryanthe to accompany him to her doom. Where the now miserable pair go appears when the curtain next rises upon a gloomy forest, and shows us the knight prepared to kill the woman whom he believes faithless. Happily a monstrous serpent is seen advancing, and Euryanthe implores Adolar to let her be its victim, so that he may escape. The knight rushes off, is supposed to despatch the scaly assailant, and comes back, touched by Euryanthe's devotion. He will not kill her. He will simply go away and leave her. When he does so she lies down and sings herself to sleep. Now enter the King and a party of hunters, who recognize the waking maiden and try to cheer her up by such common-places as "Hope on; live on." Euryanthe, however, swoons in her misery, and is carried off by the hunters. Here the Drury Lane version closes the third act, opening a fourth at Nevers Castle, just as the nuptials of its new lord and Eglantine are about to be celebrated. Adolar is outside the gates, and mingles with the discontented retainers and peasants as the wedding procession comes forth. Justice is also there, in the form of Emma's ghost, which Eglantine sees pointing at her with threatening finger. Confusion follows. Adolar rejoices in the intervention of heaven, and Lysiart bids his people seize the "base serpent of the dust." As no one obeys, the two knights are about fighting when the King appears to judge the case. Eglantine now confesses all, and is stabbed by the enraged Lysiart, whom the King at once sentences to death. Meanwhile Euryanthe has revived, and there being no reason why all should not end happily, that desirable consummation is promptly brought about. Comment upon so ridiculous a story would be superfluous, but it may be well to mention that the chorus occupies throughout not only a prominent, but a peculiar position. It does not display the moralizing spirit of the Greek chorus; but it always penetrates the true motives and purposes of the various characters. Whoever may be deceived, the chorus sees clearly, and preserves the audience in the right way, even when wickedness seems to flourish like a green bay tree. This, of course, serves to intensify the excessive stupidity or silliness of the principal personages, as they allow themselves to be entangled in a plot of more than childish absurdity.

Coming to the music, we have not to treat the greater part as though it were a new or unknown thing. The beautiful overture ranks among the most familiar of orchestral selections, while the romance, "Unter blüh'n-den Mandelbäumen," the cavatina, "Glücklein im Thale," the duet for Euryanthe and Eglantine, the aria, "Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh," and the hunting chorus have long been favourites in our concert-rooms, to say nothing of the fact that sometimes entire scenes are given from the platform. As is the music known to the English public, so—Tuesday's performance proved it—is that with which they are not yet intimate. Intense dramatic feeling and refined lyric sentiment run through the opera. We may wonder at the presence of these qualities in connection with such a story, and we may marvel that Weber first accepted, and then had the patience to work upon such a tissue of follies. But this does not alter the fact that his genius shines from every page, almost blinding us to the imbecility of the "poetess." Much might be said with reference to the musical structure of the opera, especially as it appears in the happy blending of lyrical pieces with dramatic scenes. Weber, reformer though he was, did not see his way to abolish the aria, duet, and chorus. He held, with other great masters, that these have a legitimate place in lyric drama, but, while acting on this belief, he expanded the dramatic episodes till they rivalled the lyrics in point of importance and interest. *Euryanthe* affords an example of the procedure, as it does of that use of representative themes and freedom of orchestral treatment which have since been so dangerously exaggerated. Yet Weber's orchestration strikes us now as "thin," and his dramatic music as simple almost to weakness. This, however, is only a result of unconscious contrast with the more modern method of noise and bombast. If we look at Weber's music with a single eye for art, we shall see its purity and truth. It expresses all there is to express, and does so while using no more means than the subject requires. By this sign

may genuine art always be known. It is the sham which lets loose a flood in order to float a leaf. We therefore commend *Euryanthe* to English amateurs, as an example of what operatic music ought to be, and of what it may be, without exaggerating or neglecting any essential principle.

The performance was not, generally speaking, one of the best of the season. It lacked the finish with which the Wagnerian operas were produced, and even presented several cases of downright negligence, both on the stage and in the orchestra. On the other hand, it had excellent features, notably the Euryanthe of Frau Sucher, who again charmed by her grace of bearing, sympathetic manner, and able singing. In the more passionate scenes Frau Sucher was tempted to force her voice unduly. This, however, was the only blemish upon an effort of high distinction and well-nigh complete success. Frau Sucher, could not, of course, do much, from a dramatic point of view, with the silly character she played; but those who could not regard Euryanthe with patience, watched the artist admiringly. Frau Peschka-Leutner (Eglantine), who was hardly in good voice, gave intense expression to her part, the great dramatic talent she admittedly possesses being displayed with striking power in the various crises of the story. Herr Nachbaur proved to be, both as vocalist and actor, a somewhat weak Adolar; but Herr Gura's skill received one more demonstration in the part of Lysiart. His performance throughout the final scene was very masterly. Of the minor characters, sustained by Herr Landau and Fräulein Wiedermann, it is needless to speak, while it may be superfluous to praise the singing of the chorus. The opera had a sympathetic reception, loud applause and much curtain-raising following each act.—D. T.

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SCHUMANN'S FAUST.

The directors of the Symphony Concerts did a good deed by performing the whole of Schumann's *Scenes from Faust*. Some of these had been heard previously, and the epilogue to the Second Part of Goethe's drama is familiar in its musical dress. But from a presentation of the entire work concert-givers have, till now, shrunk; influenced, perhaps, by the exceeding difficulty of many parts, and by fear lest a public insufficiently acquainted with the poem should miss the point of illustrations not, in themselves, easy hearing. The force of these deterrents is undoubtedly great. Schumann refused to study the convenience of executive artists. If they could not interpret his ideas, so much the worse for them and for him also; but in any case the claims of the work were paramount, and the rest took their chance. We see the fact well illustrated in the *Faust* music, which demands, alike from voices and instruments, more strenuous labour than the average singer or player cares to bestow. A scarcely less important consideration for concert-givers arises from the disjointed character of the libretto, and its large dealing with a section of the original read by few and understood by fewer. The scenes illustrated, though their order is that of Goethe's poem, are often so wide apart as to demand for their connection a comprehensive knowledge of the story. This drawback, however, may not have been in Schumann's purpose, since it does not appear that he at first intended to publish the work in its present form. As a matter of fact, he never published it at all; the various scenes being collected and given to the world after his death. He probably wrote the music more for his own gratification than with any ulterior and practical object, picking up the task at intervals extending over years, and dipping into Goethe so far at random that the order of the various episodes is by no means that of their composition. According to the master's biographer, Wasielewski, he produced first that which is now the third part of the entire work—in 1844—just before leaving Leipzig for Dresden. This year was not one of Schumann's happiest. Although in poor health, he laboured so hard at the *Faust* epilogue as to bring on alarming symptoms, premonitory of the disease which, twelve years later, took away his life. He may have connected the work with the suffering in a superstitious sense; but, at any rate, the epilogue was not resumed till 1847, when the final chorus rounded it off. In 1849—a period of remarkable fertility with Schumann—the master turned his attention to the first part of *Faust*, writing, between July 13 and 26, the cathedral and garden scenes, and that for Ariel and the Doctor. In the April following he added the episode of the Grey Women and Faust's death, subsequently writing an orchestral introduction, and so completing the work as it stands. When a thing grows by fits and starts like this we have no right to expect much coherence, at the same time the want of coherence is a disadvantage made all the greater by the nature of the incidents and the character of the text. Taking the whole into consideration, Mr Charles Hallé, and the directors of the Symphony Concerts, deserve the credit due to boldness of action.

They essayed a hard task, and one which, however successfully accomplished, ran some risk of failure.

Schumann's music to the scenes of the first part of *Faust* cannot be heard without comparison with that of other composers. It is, however, contrast rather than comparison to which we are invited, because Schumann naturally looked at the subject from another standpoint than the one occupied by Gounod, Berlioz, and Boito. They were chiefly concerned with objective ends, whereas it was in Schumann's disposition to be always subjective. Hence his music, in this case, is not adapted to rival theirs in popularity. It does not bring before the mind's eye events and personages coloured by its art, so much as ideas and moods. In short, these scenes are more reflections and feelings than pictures, and it is unfair to reproach them with dramatic sketchiness, since drama was not in the composer's thoughts. Looking at the music rightly, its power becomes evident and its charm is felt. What seemed at first weakness—the absence of vivid characterization and descriptiveness—appears as strength. We recognize a profounder application of art than mere picturing, the musician helping us not to look at but into the beings whom the poet has created. Illustrations of this fact are easily adduced. There is one in Gretchen's prayer to the Mater Dolorosa, and another in the Cathedral scene, throughout which the "Dies irae" of the congregation, with its terrible notes of death and judgment, is more conspicuous than are the exclamations of Gretchen or the taunts of Mephistopheles. In the second part Schumann finds himself among supernatural creatures, and here, for lack of mental phenomena within the range of his comprehension and feeling, he becomes picturesque. Another note is struck in the spirit choruses, with their vivid description of twilight, night, and daybreak. But when Faust speaks the music returns to its profoundly contemplative vein, passing therefrom into a weird fantastic mood as it enters upon the strange episode of the Grey Women—an episode treated with remarkable power of imagination. All this is interesting, especially to connoisseurs who look with an eye for that which is deeper than mere technicality. Still, the third part, so full of lyric charm, and of concerted music as beautiful in some places as, in others, its hardness is uncompromising, will always command a far greater measure of admiration. Its frequent severance from the rest of the work can be understood at a glance, and there is danger lest it tempt us to overlook the actual merit of the parts preceding. This danger can best be averted by giving the scenes in their entirety, as on Thursday evening, when it appeared that though the order of beauty differed, beauty itself was never wanting. Of the performance we can speak, generally, in terms of praise. The orchestra, being Mr Hallé's, was expected to know its duty thoroughly and to discharge it well, nor did the result disappoint anyone; while the chorus may have surprised many by the efficiency displayed in connection with a work so trying. Mr Otto Peiniger and his amateurs should be congratulated upon a most creditable success. Mrs Hutchinson sang the music of Gretchen with equal taste and feeling. These, indeed, were the distinguishing qualities of her performance, and how far they go to atone for technical defects no connoisseur needs telling. The defects in Mrs Hutchinson's case were slight and completely overshadowed by her merits. Mr Shakespeare, as Ariel, and in the third part, as Pater Ecstatis, brought his invariable refinement and expression to the work; good service being also done by Mr Sauvage (Pater Seraphicus) and Miss Larkcom (Care). Though not in his best voice, Mr Santley sang the music of Faust—who is here a baritone—splendidly. A finer rendering of the great *scena* in Part II could not have been desired. It is impossible to say as much concerning the delivery, by Herr Elmblad, of the music of Mephistopheles. Herr Elmblad has a huge bass voice of the roughest description, which he either does not know how to manage or cannot control. This gentleman is fortunate in being a German, since an English applicant with no better qualifications for the post would assuredly have been sent back to his studies. Mr Hallé conducted with rare tact and skill, and deserved all the applause he received. Previous to *Faust* Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille*, and Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto were performed, the soloists in the last-named being the conductor of the evening, who resigned his *bâton* into the capable hands of Mr E. Hecht.—D. T.

STUTTGART.—Mdme Schröder-Hanfstangl having obtained an audience from the King of Wurtemberg, prevailed on his Majesty to re-consider his decision, and, despite his flattering assertion that "such talent as hers cannot be spared," to let her go to Frankfort, where she will receive 25,000 marks annually, instead of 18,000, as at Stuttgart. Either Mdme Basta from Munich, or Mdme L'Allemand from Frankfort, will succeed her at the Theatre Royal in this city.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Gounod's *Faust* on Saturday night, with Mdme Pauline Lucca as Margherita, drew a very large audience, many of whom knew only by report what a powerful rendering of the character she could give, a decade having passed away since she illustrated on the London stage the woes of the hapless maiden. Fortunately, time has not dimmed the brightness of her genius, for, as an actress, she now, as before, holds high rank. It is not uncommon for one to close the eyelids, when some vocalists are exercising their gifts, in order to enjoy the melody undisturbed; but Mdme Lucca commands attentive watching. The gaiety of the "Jewel Song" would be dulled were one to depend upon the mere vocal display. In the exquisite music of the garden scene, from the first awakening of affection until reaching perilous delirium, each phrase was delivered with finished, yet, apparently, spontaneous art. With unerring skill each look and gesture found corresponding expression in the voice. Later on, however, when Margherita from the easement of her dwelling pours forth in rapturous accents the full burthen of her love, the voice scarcely proved a trustworthy ally of the dramatic conception. In the church scene, however, Mdme Lucca was in every respect admirable. Her voice has that peculiar *timbre* which imparts intensity to the expression of sorrow and terror, tones and feelings becoming related in the most direct manner. From this point her success was triumphant. The other leading parts—Siebel, Mephistopheles, Valentine, and Faust—were represented by Mdlle Stahl, M. Gailhard, M. Devries, and Signor Frapoli.

However difficult may be the task of unravelling the plot, it is generally conceded that the music with which Meyerbeer has enriched his *Dinorah* might have saved weaker plots from insignificance. The very character of the libretto robs much of the music of its proper effect, but none can gainsay that a wonderful wealth of imagination is pictured forth in the score, and something approaching to a surfeit of melody. The difficulty, of course, is to find an adequate exponent of the heroine—a part with which few *prime donne*, even of the most accomplished, can cope successfully. This disappears when Mdme Patti is at hand, for then the creation of the poet as well as of the musician is beheld in its ideal form. A crowded house assembled to witness her once more in the familiar garb of *Dinorah*, and to listen to the music as she alone of living artists can render it. It is true that Mdme Patti's voice has not altogether stood proof against the strain of a lengthy and exacting career; but the difference is so slight as to be almost imperceptible, the quality remaining unchanged, and her facility of execution being as much a marvel as ever. Old successes were repeated, the distinguished artist creating a marked impression in the opening scene, with the beautiful "lullaby," and arousing the house to enthusiasm in the "Shadow Song"—encored, as a matter of course. A more genuine triumph has not been witnessed. Why Mr Gye, having a really good Corentino in Signor Frapoli already in his company, should have selected Signor Marini to fill the part is hardly intelligible to the outside world; and why M. Dufriche should have been substituted for Signor Cotogni as Hoel without explanation is equally a mystery. Under the circumstances, M. Dufriche, who is to play the Count in the *Nozze di Figaro* on Saturday, is exempt from criticism. Mdlle Tremelli made a very successful appearance as the Caprajo, and was loudly applauded after her song, "Fanciulle che il core." Other parts were in sufficiently competent hands.

The first performance this season of *Don Giovanni* was so similar to that of past occasions that slight reference to it may suffice. As before, the character of Zerlina was raised into primary importance by the exquisite vocalization and charming acting of Mdme Adelina Patti, which were as admirable as ever. The "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," produced the usual marked effect and enthusiastic encores, as did the duet "La ci darem," for Don Giovanni and Zerlina. The cast was generally excellent, comprising, as last year, Mdme Fursch-Madi (Donna Anna), Mdme Vallerini (Elvira), Signor Cotogni (Don Giovanni), Signor Marini (Don Ottavio), M. Gailhard (Leporello), and Signor Scolara (Masetto).

On Thursday we had *I Puritani*, with Bellini's flowing melodies, and Mdme Albani as an Elvira peerless since Giulia Grisi. The opera announced for last night was *Semiramide*, with Mdme Patti as Semiramide, Mdlle Tremelli as Arsace, and M. Gailhard as Assur.

Here again is melody in abundance. For to-night we are promised *Le Nozze di Figaro*, more melody, the really "infinite melos," which goes on for ever

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Oh! for melodists; we want them sadly, all at present being "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Even Mr Shaver Silver cannot leave a new opera humming a tune with refreshed lungs! Sad, indeed, such a state of things. The *Prophète* is announced for Tuesday, with Mdlle Stahl as Fides, and M. Sylva (who must transpose considerably) as John of Leyden; *Fra Diavolo* (melody for ever!), after two or three postponements, is to be given on Thursday, with Pauline Lucca as Zerlina; and *Velleda*, an opera by M. Lenepveu, Mdme Patti's especial choice, "very shortly." Boito's *Mefistofele* will, after all, be presented, with Marguerite Helen Emma Albani in lieu of Marguerite Helen Christine Nilsson, about whose controversy with Mr Gye there is nothing to say that would not be "impertinently curious."

—o—
WAIFS.

Mdme Minnie Hauk, Carmen of *Carmens*, Carmencita of *Carmenitas*, Rommi of *Rommis*, has returned from America, and is staying for a time in Paris. She crossed the Atlantic in the good ship *L'Amérique*, organizing a concert during the voyage in aid of the "Sailors' Orphans," Signor Campanini, who came in the same ship, lending his valuable co-operation. With the sale of tickets and programmes, accompanied by the autographs of the leading artists, at a hundred francs each, the proceeds amounted to upwards of 2,000 francs (£80). Thus was a good action done "on the sad sea waves," which rolled boisterously all the time.

Mdlle de Reszké has gone to Warsaw.

Lohengrin has been produced in Barcelona.

Sig. Platania, the composer, was lately in Milan.

Miss Annie Louise Cary is much improved in health.

Ricordi, of Milan, has been making a short stay in Paris.

Emma Nevada has been singing very successfully in Cremona.

Camille Saint-Saëns has been created Knight of the Order of Leopold.

Emma Thursby will most probably return to Brooklyn, U.S., in the autumn.

A bust of Peri, the composer, will shortly be inaugurated at Reggio d'Emilia.

Sig. Marchio, of Scandiano (Emilia), has completed a new opera entitled *Catilina*.

Angelo Ferni has been appointed professor of the violin at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

Kriebel is now officiating—on trial—as second conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

The Theatres Royal, Berlin, closed on the 7th inst. and will re-open on the 6th August.

Eugenio Nacciarone is appointed professor of singing at the Conservatory of Music, Cologne.

The monument to Roger, the French tenor, at Père-Lachaise, will be inaugurated on the 28th inst.

The King of Spain has conferred the Order of Isabella on the Norwegian composer, Ole Olsen.

Suppi's *Fatiniza*, with an Italian libretto, has been performed at the Teatro Giacinta Pezzana, Milan.

Meinardus's oratorio, *Simon Petrus*, was lately performed, under the direction of Dietrich, at Oldenburg.

Leone Fortis, director of the *Pungolo*, has been created grand officer of the Order of the Italian Crown.

After being thoroughly repaired and redecorated, the Teatro del Puerto Real has been re-opened at Cadiz.

Auber's *Fra Diavalo* has been performed with great success at Turin. (Bravo for melody!—Dr Blüge.)

Wagner's *Nibelungen* will be performed at Prague by Neumann's company from the 15th to the 19th October, inclusive.

Haydn's *Seasons* and Schumann's *Zigeunerleben* were recently performed, under the direction of Emile Mathieu, in Louvain.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, was to begin on the 11th inst. a four weeks' engagement at Koster and Bial's, New York.

There is some probability of Marie Van Zandt's visiting America in the autumn. Several managers are anxious to engage her.

Reichmann, Royal Bavarian Chamber Singer, will shortly become member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Herr Hermann Zumpe, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, has been engaged by Pollini as conductor at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

The Theatre Royal, Hanover, closed on the 23rd ult., an earlier date than usual, for certain structural alterations in the interior.

Mefistofele, with the sisters Mariani in the two leading female characters, will be performed next season at the San Carlo, Naples.

A new operetta, *Captain Kydd*, music by Rudolph Aronson, is to be produced in October at the New York Casino, now approaching completion.

Teresa Tua, the "girl violinist," will shortly go to America for a hundred concerts at 250 dollars a concert. (*Quod est, &c.—Dr Blaue.*)

The San Carlo and Fondo Theatres, Naples, have become the property of the Municipality, who propose leasing them to one and the same manager.

Wagner is said to be now engaged on the composition of a new "musical drama," *Die Sieger*, the subject of which is taken from a Brahminical legend.

Hermann Riedel, formerly "solo correpetitor" at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is Franz Abt's successor as conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick.

The Moscow press is unanimous in approving the recent imperial ukase abolishing all restrictions on theatrical enterprise in Moscow and St Petersburgh.

The regular season of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, was brought to a termination with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The company from the Wallnertheater, Berlin, are in temporary possession.

Rapid progress is being made at Nice with the Municipal Casino which contains, among other things, a theatre, where an Italian company will give performances next season.

A commemorative stone tablet has been affixed to the front of the house at Bari, where Niccolo Piccinni, rival of Gluck in Paris, and at one time the most popular of Italian composers, was born (1728).

Gialdino Gialdini succeeds Pedrotti as conductor at the Teatro Regio, Turin.—(This will break Pedrotti's heart, seeing that G. G. G. is an adequate conductor. Why does not Mr Gye give us some Ponchielli?—*Dr Blaue.*)

The Teatro de la Vittoria, Montevideo, has, according to one American journal, been converted into a mad house, according to another, into a war-horse, according to another, into a warehouse; although Naudin has been singing at the Teatro Minerva, Udine. (There must be some misapprehension here.—*Dr Blaue.*)

The announcement in several papers that the barytone, Santa Athos, is secured for next season at the San Carlo, Naples, would seem to be a premature hoax.—Santa Athos was, not long since, a star of the eleventh magnitude at Covent Garden.—Moreover, Adina, Aramburo, and Gasperini are engaged for Italian opera in Prague.—*Dr Blaue.*

Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen, the esteemed young Swedish vocalist, has announced a *matinée musicale*, under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales, for Monday next, at 27, Harley Street. Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen, who has just recovered from a long and serious illness, will be assisted by her sister, Mdlle Felicia de Bunsen, and many other talented artists, but, we regret to learn, she is not well enough to undertake an active part in the entertainment of her friends.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—At a meeting of the Common Council, Mr W. J. Scott, chairman of the Music Committee, said there were now 1,300 students at the Guildhall School of Music, which was the largest institution of its kind in the world. Each student on an average paid £10, and the whole of the fees were reasonably divided among the eighty professors and teachers. The expenses, borne by the Corporation, were about £3,000 a year; and the premises were held at a nominal rent. The Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee brought up a report to consider how the court could appropriately aid in the movement set on foot by the Prince of Wales for establishing a Royal College of Music, giving systematic musical instruction to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. A contribution of £5,000 in aid of the Royal College of Music, to be paid in five annual instalments of £1,000, was suggested and unanimously approved.

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LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE

Printed by HENDERSON, RAIT, & SPALDING, at 3 and 5, Marylebone Lane, Oxford Street, in the Parish of Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex.
 Published by WILLIAM DUNCAN DAVISON, at the Office, 244, Regent Street, Saturday, June 17, 1882.